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Week of June 8, 1947

Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT
Brilliant British Artist

"I Can't Marry You"

The Lovely Skating Star Was Not in Love. "You're Too Old," She Told the Stunned Announcer. "You're 37 and I'm Only 20. I Can't Marry You. It's No Use."

By John Hewlett

TWICE now in the life of radio announcer Roger Krupp, tragedy and near-tragedy—suicide and near-suicide—have opened the handsome mikeman's eyes and guided him to true love and a happy home, the same one both times.

A dozen years ago Roger Krupp stood before the open window of a room high in a New York hotel and stared at a handful of torn cloth clutched in his fist.

Hollowly, he repeated the words his lips had uttered a moment before: "I can't marry you; it's no use."

Outside, in the eternity it takes 110 pounds to fall 150 feet, his little ballet-struck sweetheart was somersaulting to her end in fragile folds of pale blue voile ripped from her sweetheart's restraining grasp as she Y-dived over the sill.

For many months thereafter Roger Krupp fingered imaginary shreds of pale blue fabric.

Police had absolved him of blame in the 15-story suicide leap of the beautiful 17-year-old sub-deb Isabelle Wilson, daughter of a wealthy New York and Washington executive.

But such distressing memories are not easy for anyone to dismiss. Memories must have troubled him for a long time, as he tried to fight his way up in the radio world.

He was nervous and his hand shook too much. His colleagues knew and sympathized. The 25-year-old announcer was having a struggle they understood.

Roger Krupp was young, however, and one day spring came and with it solace and escape. He had a new sweetheart. He would not have to go on alone.

Some time later he stood before the altar in St. Paul, Minn.

"Lillian," he repeated after the minister, "with this ring I thee wed."

The hand which placed the band upon her finger did not tremble and non-existent cotton threads were not clutched in it any more. Lillian Krupp squeezed her husband's freed fingers with understanding and brought him peace at last. His wife was lovely. Roger Krupp was a happy man.

Lillian Krupp was a happy and perfect wife. There were few of his intimates who had not heard him praise her sweet, natural beauty.

Proudest of all was the announcer, of her long, blond hair. Lillian gave him sympathy and affection and a healthy son.

She instilled confidence and inspiration and Roger Krupp became a well-known and successful radio announcer.

He was adored by his wife and son. Seemingly he had everything to live for, yet none of his colleagues was too surprised the other night after a broadcast in New York City when he aimed a pistol at his heart and fired. They had been worried about him for a long time.

All of Roger Krupp's co-workers knew that he had fallen in love with 20-year-old Barbara Johnson, a featured performer of the fashionable St. Regis Hotel's ice carnival, not many blocks from where Isabelle Wilson had thrown herself to the pavement 12 years ago.

Roger Krupp first saw the graceful girl perform when reporting the event to radio listeners.

The next day the announcer banished his heartbroken wife and son to St. Paul. Forgotten were Lillian's golden hair and family and home. He was madly in love.

That was a year ago. Many things had happened since first he saw Barbara Johnson and the moment when he pulled the trigger of a small gauge target pistol in an empty room off the announcers' private lounge at the radio studio.

He had asked his wife for a divorce, he had courted Barbara night and day. He had bought her an expensive diamond engagement ring—and he had lost weight, pound after pound.

Barbara Johnson, unlike the tragic Isabelle Wilson, was not in love.

The jilter was jilted and the tables were turned.

"You're too old," said Barbara. "You're 37 and I'm only 20. I can't marry you. It's no use."

Somewhere, the handsome announcer had heard these words before. He returned to his studio.

"Call Barbara," he said to his colleagues. "Tell her I'm about to do something desperate."

Police found him on a couch bleeding from his wound and holding his gun and suicide letters. "You'll never break another heart," they read.

A .22-caliber pistol bullet which misses everything important, coupled with a wise and forgiving wife, can sometimes be good medicine for a tortured mind. Roger Krupp is convalescing now with that healing prescription. His wife has done her part.

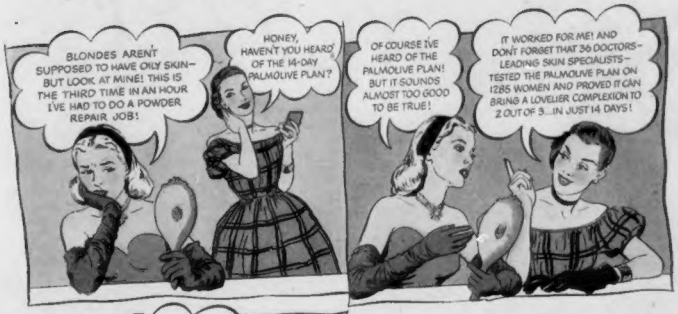
Lillian flew from St. Paul to his bedside in a detention ward in Bellevue Hospital, where he was briefly held for illegally possessing a pistol.

"I love you, Roger," she said. "Everything will be all right."

"I know it," said Roger Krupp. "And I'm ashamed. You always attend to your knitting. I'm so proud of you."

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 Women can have LOVELIER SKIN IN 14 DAYS!


BLONDES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO HAVE OILY SKIN—BUT LOOK AT MINE! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME IN AN HOUR I'VE HAD TO DO A POWDER REPAIR JOB!
HONEY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN?
OF COURSE I'VE HEARD OF THE PALMOLIVE PLAN! BUT IT SOUNDS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
IT WORKED FOR ME! AND DON'T FORGET THAT 36 DOCTORS—LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS—TESTED THE PALMOLIVE PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3...IN JUST 14 DAYS!

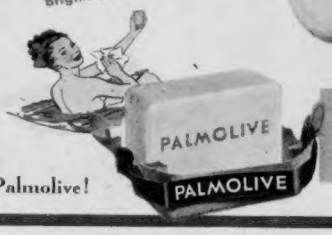
THE PALMOLIVE PLAN IS EASY, TOO. FOR HERE IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!
A WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
B THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
C DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

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Stockings stay lovelier, sheerer-looking when washed with VEL*

Milder to Hands!

Vel is not a soap but an entirely new and different suds that is completely neutral . . . milder than soap.

NO SOAP SCUM OR SOAP-FADING
with this new Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds!

Keep your stockings lovelier longer by washing them with Vel! Vel keeps stockings sheerer-looking than soap possibly can, for this new Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds leaves no soap scum clinging to stocking threads. Stockings rinse clear, stay sheer! No soap-fading. Vel is easier than soap on delicate washable colors and fabrics.

*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

Cuts dishwashing time in half!
Dishes, glassware gleam without wiping!

Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away. Just rinse—dishes, glassware dry sparkling clear without time-wasting wiping! Removes grease faster, more completely than soap. No dishpan ring to scrub out. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time!

MarVELous for
DISHES · STOCKINGS
LINGERIE · WOOLENS!
Instant SUDS in hardest, coldest water!

It's Always a Girl

By Parkinson Wood

THE sextons ran to ring the bells of Holland. Dutch housewives hurried to exchange their gossip. Scientists of all countries scurried to their thick tomes of knowledge.

"It's a girl!" cried the bellringers.

"Of course, it's a girl," said the old women, tossing their heads. "It's always a girl."

"Two X chromosomes joined," said the scientists, shaking their heads. "Instead of a Y, it was an X."

The object of all this talk lay in her royal crib, cooing and gurgling, and interested only in eating and sleeping. She is the fourth daughter of Princess Juliana of The Netherlands, who has never borne a son.

This infant, when all the talk was over, knew just as much as the gossips and the scientists when it came to the question of whether or not it is something in her heredity which determined that she is a girl instead of a boy.

Scientists, as yet, know only a very little about the way the tendency towards being male or female is inherited.

The secret of why Juliana should bear four daughters instead of four sons, or two sons and two daughters, or any other combination, is still a secret, unknown to the learned scientists.

Some geneticists do not even admit that there is a secret. Dr. Leon Whitney, of the American Eugenics Society, says that whether a child is going to be born a boy or a girl is strictly a matter of chance.

"It's just like flipping a coin," Dr. Whitney says. "It may come down heads, or it may come down tails. It will even up eventually, but to turn up four heads in a row is not too unusual."

But there has been no male ruler in Holland since 1890, say the history books. Isn't that an indication that there is something peculiar in the family—something which causes only girls to be born?

"No," says Dr. Whitney. "That's what they said about my family in the last couple of generations, but look at me. It's purely a matter of chance."

The Newest Member of Holland's Royal Family Is Princess Maria Christiana, Above, Fourth Daughter of Princess Juliana. Below, Mother Juliana and the Others (Left to Right) Princesses Beatrix, Irene and Margriet. Photographed by Karsh-Ottowa.

This is an age-old argument, and one which is still going on over genetics. Even those authorities who differ with Dr. Whitney do not go too far on the other side.

"It could possibly be," cautiously says Amram Scheinfeld, author of widely-read books on genetics, "that there is more than chance involved.

"There are one or two additional factors which might have something to do with Juliana's having four daughters in a row. Whether or not they actually did is pure speculation—I don't know, and nobody else knows."

Scientists do not like to make statements without all the facts. In Juliana's case, not enough facts are known to give a decision. Even if it were definitely established that the bodies which determine what kind of a person, tall or short, for example, their owner is going to be. One pair of these chromosomes determines sex. In the female these are two X chromosomes, but in the male there is one X and one, much smaller, called Y.

In the reproductive cells there are 24 chromosomes instead of 24 pairs. The female cells all carry one X chromosome. The male cells carry either one X or one Y. When X meets X, at conception, the result is a female—when Y meets X, the product is a male.

Strangely, X and Y get together more often. There are 105 boys born to 100 girls, according to records kept over a period of years. More than that, the death ratio of unborn boys is much higher than that of unborn girls. The odds are heavily in favor of a boy being conceived, and still in favor of his being born.

From there on the male of the species begins running second, for the higher death rate stays with him throughout his life.

Some 2,500 ways of how to determine that a boy or a girl will be born have been advanced. Not a one has proved itself. Not so long ago, a lengthy series of experiments was undertaken on one of the latest theories—that acid surrounding the male cell would kill off one factor, alkali the other. The result of the experiment: nothing.

There has also been a theory that some families tend to produce a preponderance of males or females. One family once produced 43 sons before one daughter was born.

"It may be possible," says Scheinfeld, "that there is a genetic factor, in which the biological combination of a certain man and a certain woman results in only males or only females. It may also be possible that some women may have a bio-chemical makeup which causes them to have miscarriages, perhaps even before they know it, of either boys or girls. We don't know."

Dr. Whitney, however, is more emphatic. "You can see the X and Y chromosomes plainly through a microscope," he says. "There's nothing mysterious about them.

"It's all a matter of luck as to which ones will unite to bring forth either a boy or a girl.

"If Juliana has another child," he concludes, "it may be a boy.

"If it turns out to be another girl, though, no one in all Holland will be surprised."

Amid All the Gaiety That Surrounds Her, Mrs. Dillman Has for Years Been Regarded as the Unhappiest Wife of Her Fabulously Wealthy Set.

MRS. *Dillman's* DILEMMA

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

FOR all of her millions and all of her social prestige, there was something pathetic about the action Mrs. Ann Dodge Dillman took in a Detroit court the other day.

The 70-year-old dowager announced in her divorce suit against Hugh Dillman, erstwhile Broadway bit player, who became a recognized social leader in Palm Beach, that the effort to keep her second marriage intact had exhausted her.

"We have lived apart for seven years through no fault of mine," she said simply in her petition. Then she added another plea that must have been in the back of her mind for many years during this second, and ill-fated, marriage.

Would the court permit her to resume her earlier name—that of Mrs. Horace E. Dodge?

It was as though she were seeking again the security she had found in the brawny arms of the blacksmith, who left his forge to make automobiles and millions—and then, in death, left his wife to find misery in the matrimonial misfortunes and equal misery in the matrimonial misfortunes and missteps of some members of her family.

For three generations, from an $8,000,000 mansion in Detroit, a $4,000,000 castle in Palm Beach, or aboard her $2,000,000 yacht, she tried in vain to restrain her relatives from seeking divorces.

No one hated divorce more than Mrs. Dillman. She had fought it with her power and her temper, with cajolery and threats.

Yet Mrs. Dillman herself, after all these years, has at last gone into divorce court herself. She had a wrecked home of her own. After 21 years of hoping that her second marriage might somehow be saved, she felt compelled to admit defeat. The example she so valiantly tried to set was all in vain.

For years Mrs. Dillman has been regarded as the "unhappiest wife" of her fabulously wealthy set. Yet no one in her set has so long resisted the detested step.

Dillman, the former Hugh McGouhey (He took his present name when he went on the stage) is the divorced husband of Marjorie Rambeau. His marriage to Mrs. Dillman in 1926, after a three-year courtship, assured him of an enviable position in Palm Beach society.

Since that marriage, Dillman has established himself as President of the swank Everglades Club and as a society leader in his own right.

He has filed answer to the divorce suit, denying all of Mrs. Dillman's allegations. Unless the answer is withdrawn a hearing will be held.

Although Mrs. Dillman declared the separation had lasted for seven years, Detroit and Palm Beach society has observed that for a much longer time a distinctly chilly atmosphere seemed to exist between the couple, in fashionable salons, in clubs, aboard yachts, in palaces and on promenades.

Their first semi-official separation occurred in 1932 after six years of bickering during which they frequently ignored each other with marked success in the most exclusive places of two continents. A reconciliation and a second honeymoon trip to Hawaii in 1935 was followed by another estrangement.

"A new reconciliation is impossible," emphatically stated Mrs. Dillman in her brief.

Mrs. Dillman was embittered against divorce by the painful and costly experiences of her two children, the late Delphine Dodge Cromwell Baker Goode and Horace Dodge, Jr., as well as by the divorce of her granddaughter, Christine Cromwell White Williams, and the divorce of her niece, Isabelle Dodge Sloane, daughter of John Dodge, brother and business partner of her first husband.

These marriages and divorces have been accompanied by many near-marriages and near-divorces and expensive broken romances which reputedly reduced the family bank account by millions.

The late Delphine, who first married James H. R. Cromwell, who later married and divorced Doris Duke, had a highly publicized romance with Jack Doyle, the "Mild Irish Rose," singer-pugilist.

The possibility of their marriage proved unnerving to Mrs. Dillman, who managed to break it up with customary vigor after her daughter was reported to have lavished a fortune in gifts on the boxer. Later she was involved in a $2,000,000 husband alienation suit brought by Doyle's actress wife, Judith Allen.

Horace Dodge, Jr.'s, three marriages to Lois Knowlson, Muriel Sissman and showgirl Mickey Devine are said to have cost at least $3,000,000.

Mickey alone received a million-dollar settlement. Convinced that Horace had not mastered the technique of matrimony, Mrs. Dillman forbade him to marry again on the threat of withdrawing her support.

Whether she would relent when she found how really difficult some marriages can be is another chapter still to be written.

As for Mrs. Dillman, her friends said she would never try again, that the only happiness she remembered is from the days when she packed her poor mechanic husband's lunch box and sent him off to tinker with a new-fangled invention, the automobile, in his blacksmith shop.

GREAT DUELS of the

Sudden, On-the-Spot Shooting Matches Became the Vogue When the Formal Duel of Gold Rush Days Eventually Went Out of Style.

The Climax of Earp's Bullet-Spattered Career Was the Classic Battle of Tombstone's O. K. Corral, the Hottest 30 Seconds of Shooting the West Ever Saw.

By Harry H. Morgan

Lead-Throwing in Tombstone

THE formal duel of the Gold Rush days passed out of style, but the shooting went on. New strikes lured the gold seekers to Virginia City, Alder Gulch, Cripple Creek, Deadwood, Tombstone, and men still settled their differences with lead. The duel became an on-the-spot shooting match. The result was the same, another grave in Boot Hill.

The day of the six-shooter rule in the Old West produced the gun fighter. Of necessity he was fearless, whether "bad man" or marshal. He knew life would last only as long as he could out-draw and out-shoot the other fellow.

One who blazed his way to fame behind a smoking six-shooter, yet lived to die in bed, was Wyatt Earp. Buffalo hunter and cowtown marshal, Earp mastered the knack of the quick draw as the only reliable form of life insurance in the company of such noted gun fighters as Wild Bill Hickok, Billy Tilghman, Bat Masterson, Clay Allison and Wes Hardin.

The climax of his bullet-spattered career came in the classic battle of Tombstone's O. K. Corral, the hottest 30 seconds of lead-throwing the West ever saw.

With the outlaws of Dodge City, Ellsworth, and Wichita tamed by his guns those early cattle trail towns grew too quiet for Earp. He headed for a new field of lawlessness.

A silver strike in southeastern Arizona by a roving prospector who had been warned he would find nothing but his tombstone in the Apache-ridden mountains had mushroomed into the wildest camp in the West: Tombstone, Ariz.

The surrounding badlands were a nesting place for the renegades who preyed on the thousands in the boom camp. It was the domain of the rustler, the stage robber, and the killer.

Tombstone was looking for a gun fighter tough enough to subdue the "bad men" whose bullets whistled through the Crystal Palace, the Can Can, and the Bird Cage opera house.

Wyatt Earp was offered the job and took it.

Close on his heels when he sauntered down Toughnut street with a U. S. marshal's star on his chest was a tall, thin-faced chap in a long frock coat, black hat, and string necktie.

Tuberculosis had its fatal mark on him and death held no terror. The man was Doc Holliday, one-time dentist who turned gambler and killer.

Never was there a stranger alliance than the friendship that drew Earp and Holliday together, one a marshal, the other an outlaw. On opposite sides of the loosely drawn line of law they shared two things in common, nerves and unerring aim.

Earp's esteem for the sickly Holliday and tolerance toward his lawlessness dated from a night in Dodge City. A mob of renegades swooped into the town to get rid of the bothersome marshal. They cornered Earp at the entrance of a Front Street saloon. A dozen pointed six-shooters held him powerless. The leaders taunted him with the volley they prepared to fire. The townspeople had fled. Earp faced the blood-thirsty pack alone.

Suddenly the door was flung open at his back. There stood Doc Holliday, a six-gun in each hand.

His appearance gave Earp the split-second he needed to draw his own guns.

"Put 'em up or start shooting," Earp barked.

The desperadoes put 'em up. They knew too well the deadliness of the four six-shooters that faced them.

Earp never forgot that debt to Holliday. The marshal and the gambler rode into Tombstone with a blood bond between them.

AMONG the outlaws who set their sights on the new marshal were Old Man Clanton and his three sons, Ike, Finn, and Billy, and the McLowerys, Tom and Frank.

The Clantons and McLowerys were eager for a showdown. In Tombstone for a night to howl they swaggered around the Oriental and Crystal Palace bars, talking big about wrapping Earp's long-barrelled six-shooter around his neck.

There was a row between Holliday and Ike Clanton. It threatened to start guns blazing when the pair next met.

"Better cool off, Ike, and get out of town," Earp told Clanton when he heard of the disturbance. The marshal tried to avoid gun play.

"Cool off, hell!" Clanton blustered. "I'm not leaving town till I git Doc Holliday."

Earp was a man of few words. He had said

GOLD RUSH DAYS

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

all there was to say. Clanton with a rifle on his arm, walked on, shouting his boast from bar to bar. Before morning he ran into Virgil Earp, Wyatt's brother, a city marshal.

"What's this I been hearing all night?" Virgil asked.

CLANTON moved to raise his rifle. Before it reached his shoulder the marshal knocked him down by a blow over the head with his six-shooter. It was an old "buffaloing" trick he had learned from his brother. Wyatt Earp had used it many times with an effect just as satisfactory as a bullet, not fatal, but more humiliating.

Clanton was dragged off to jail. The justice of the peace fined him $25 for disturbing the peace. He stormed back into the street swearing new threats against the Earps.

The tension was mounting. As Wyatt Earp walked out of the justice court he bumped into Tom McLowery, who went for his gun. Before he could press the trigger Earp stretched him on the sidewalk, with a gun blow over the head.

As the day wore on the rival groups moved stealthily through the Tombstone streets, each man watchful for the first hostile move. A disquieting lull settled over the camp.

Ike and Billy Clanton and the two McLowerys finally gathered at the O. K. Corral, where they had stabled their horses. They soon were joined there by Billy Claiborne, a young cowboy who was trying hard to be a "bad man."

The outlaws were in a vicious temper. Two had been knocked down by Earp guns.

Word was sent back to the Earps to "come and get 'em if they could."

Wyatt Earp was lounging against a store front when the challenge reached him. Virgil and another brother, Morgan Earp, were near by. Wyatt glanced at his brothers.

"Come on," he said and started down the street.

The three brothers had gone but a few steps when Doc Holliday hurried up behind them, wiping the breakfast crumbs off his chin.

"What's up?" he asked.

"We're going to get the Clanton gang," said Wyatt. "This ain't your fight, Doc. It'll be tough."

"Humph! That's the only kind I care about," chuckled the man whose malady made him contemptuous of flying lead. He fell into line.

In slow strides the four grim-faced men, walking abreast a few feet apart, moved toward the battle ground. At the end of the silent street they turned toward the Corral. There they met the eyes of their five sworn enemies, waiting motionless for the first move toward a gun.

No word was spoken until the groups were less than 25 feet apart.

"YOU fellers been itching for a fight," Wyatt said. "Now's your chance."

Frank McLowery's hand dropped to his six-shooter. Billy Clanton made the same move. Wyatt Earp's lightning draw put him on even terms with his enemies.

There was a flash of fire from both sides. McLowery and Clanton fired at Wyatt. Their bullets ripped through his long, black coat.

Earp didn't miss. His first shot struck Frank McLowery, who reeled under the impact. He clasped one hand to the wound through his stomach, but kept firing with the other.

Billy Clanton was the second outlaw to be hit, but even "bad men" were not denied courage. He propped himself up and kept his six-gun blazing.

Tom McLowery, half-hidden behind his horse, was Doc Holliday's man. Holliday threw back his gambler's frock coat and whipped up a short-barreled shotgun that hung from his shoulder.

McLowery was drawing down on one of the Earps when Holliday pressed the trigger. The outlaw, riddled by buckshot, fell dead.

A heavy bullet struck Morgan Earp in the shoulder and knocked him down. It wasn't enough to put him out of the fight.

Young Billy Claiborne wasn't as tough as he pretended when the lead began to fly. He fired two shots that went wild, then ducked to safety.

Ike Clanton, whose bluster had fanned the fury, showed the white feather, too. His bravado wilted before the fire of Earp-Holliday guns.

After the first burst he ran toward Wyatt Earp.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" he pleaded.

"Fightin's started," the marshal snapped between shots. "Go for your gun or get out!"

Ike Clanton got out. He threw his six-shooters to the ground and joined Claiborne.

Frank McLowery, badly hit by Wyatt Earp's first bullet, was still on his feet, firing. He drew aim on Doc Holliday. The gambler spied the move just in time to turn sideways. His skinny frame offered a target no bigger than a fence post.

McLowery's gun flashed. The bullet ripped through Holliday's holster and creased his hip.

"Now, it's my turn," Holliday yelled. He had discarded his shotgun and was using his six-shooter. A bullet spat from his gun at the same instant that Morgan Earp, firing from the ground, pressed the trigger. Both shots hit McLowery and he fell lifeless.

Billy Clanton, dying, but still fighting, hit Virgil Earp in the leg with a left-handed shot. It was the last bullet fired.

The Earps held their fire as Billy Clanton's hand wavered.

"I got to kill one o' you," he gasped "before I die!" The gun slipped from his hand. He slumped down dead.

LESS than 30 seconds after it started the Battle of the O. K. Corral was over. Some 30 shots had been fired.

The two McLowerys and Billy Clanton were dead. Doc Holliday had a bullet burn. Morgan Earp was wounded in the shoulder, Virgil Earp in the leg.

Wyatt Earp stood unmarked, in the center of the smoke-wreathed arena.

Friends of the outlaws swore vengeance. Shots in the dark struck Virgil Earp one night and left him a cripple for life. Morgan Earp was killed by a bullet fired through a window. Before he died he whispered a name to his brother, Wyatt.

A couple days later the shot-riddled body of Frank Stilwell, a half-breed outlaw, was found in Tucson soon after a train bearing Morgan Earp's body, Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday had passed.

The two-gun marshal had settled his scores.

He and Holliday slipped into Colorado when a complaint was issued charging them with Stilwell's murder. There Holliday, the man bullets couldn't kill, soon died of tuberculosis.

Earp moved to California. He acquired a string of race horses and once was called to referee the Bob Fitzsimmons-Tom Sharkey prize fight in San Francisco.

When gold was found in the Klondike he joined the rush. Then new strikes lured him to Goldfield and Rhyolite.

As the day of the western gun fighter faded, the old marshal hung up his six-shooters and settled down to peaceful life in Los Angeles. There he, like Doc Holliday, died in bed with his boots off.

Next week—Tough Little Hicks Graham

Family favorite... vegetables crowned with golden Pabst-ett sauce

Asparagus on Toast with Pabst-ett Sauce

1 pkg. Pabst-ett — Cooked asparagus
¼ cup milk — Toast squares

Melt the delicious Pabst-ett Cheese Food in top of a double boiler. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until sauce is smooth. Arrange hot cooked asparagus on toast squares and pour a generous amount of the hot golden Pabst-ett cheese sauce over each serving.

Use the same golden Pabst-ett Cheese Sauce in the recipe above to add glorious Cheddar flavor to chicken, fish or other hot cooked vegetable dishes. Pabst-ett also blends smoothly into fluffy omelets and soufflés . . . spreads easily, for sandwiches and snacks . . . slices into neat wedges when chilled. Have delicious Pabst-ett Cheese Food handy for 100 or more menu uses. Children love its nourishing goodness — it's as digestible as milk.

(Also try Pimento Pabst-ett in the red package)

Try these other fine Phenix menu ideas

Makes a meal! Casserole of macaroni and Phenix Process American Cheese

Cheese food treats galore in the economical 2-lb. Phenix Tasty Loaf

Tidbit tray! Potato chips spread with assorted Phenix Cheese Spreads

PHENIX PABST-ETT COMPANY, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

You'll find Pabst-ett quality in all Phenix foods

Marilyn Garland Deverich—She Got Her Husband Out of Jail, but Couldn't Keep Him Out for Long.

TRIALS OF THE *Unlucky Bridegroom*

By Irving Johnson

ALBERT DEVERICH was lucky in love, but little else, when he married rich and pretty Marilyn Garland early last year. The young actor-promoter was even arrested on his honeymoon and spent 10 days in jail on complaint of one of two girls he left behind. His bride—heiress to a $2,600,000 Los Angeles real estate fortune—bailed him out and the charges against him were eventually set aside.

After that, everything in their world was in its right place—but not for long.

New and graver misfortunes clouded the sunshine of their days and now, scarcely a year after their runaway marriage, Marilyn has left him for good and Deverich is in jail again.

Marilyn first sued for divorce, charging cruelty, but was awarded an annulment on the ground her husband pro tem was illegally divorced from his first wife, Marjorie May Folsom.

This was an Idaho divorce and it was charged that Deverich was having fun in Hollywood while claiming the six weeks' residence required by Idaho law.

The Deverich jinx, meanwhile, had extended a tragic arm into the affairs of his bride's family.

Marilyn's mother, Mrs. Alzoa Garland Virgilio, took an overdose of sleeping pills in a Los Angeles hotel room last fall. A little later, Dr. Edwin B. Glass, an admirer, took his life in the same room.

It was also revealed then that Mrs. Virgilio had secretly remarried—only to get an annulment on the ground her decree from husband Clarence Virgilio was not final.

Deverich's latest brush with misfortune resulted in his arrest and conviction in Federal Court on charges of unlawfully possessing an unregistered Italian sub-machine gun and failing to pay the transfer tax on the weapon.

Now serving six months on the gun charges, he'll find fresh trouble sitting on his doorstep when he comes out again. A Federal Grand Jury has just indicted him for possession of an unregistered Maxim silencer and repeating rifle with sawed-off barrel.

Deverich's luck first turned against him when his prospects looked brightest. He had just eloped with Marilyn when her mother called the Beverly Hills police and asked them to intercept the runaways.

Marilyn was only 18 and her mother had frowned on the attachment from the start.

Not long afterwards, Mrs. Lois Hendricks, a Beverly Hills socialite divorcee, went to police headquarters with another report on Deverich.

She said she had accepted his proposal of marriage and had advanced him $4,000 to start a flying school. She sold her suburban home, she explained, to raise the cash.

"He never started the school," she complained. "He was always evasive when I asked him how it was progressing. I believed in him because I loved him—but I don't love him any more."

Mrs. Hendricks said Deverich told her a wedding would be arranged as soon as he could divorce his first wife, whom he married in 1937.

He got the divorce all right, Lois admitted, but when he was free again he married Marilyn instead.

She swore out a warrant charging grand theft and the police immediately spread an alarm for him.

Suddenly, Marilyn returned alone from her honeymoon and said she and Deverich had parted so that he could straighten out his affairs before he was apprehended. Deverich, meanwhile, crossed into Texas and was arrested at Fort Worth.

His rich wife obtained his release in $2,500 bail and he flew back to California. He had hardly been assigned a cell when another woman, Agnes Mary Thebiay, said he had borrowed $1,500 from her—with a promise of marriage as security.

"He was already calling my mother 'mom,'" she said. "I lent him the $1,500 to buy a car and pay some bills so we could get married."

Unlike Mrs. Hendricks, Miss Thebiay didn't demand criminal prosecution. She was satisfied with a civil action for return of her money.

Further trouble for the hapless bridegroom came in the shape of a bad check charge by a San Bernardino businessman.

Deverich was held in $2,500 bail on Mrs. Hendricks' complaint and an additional $1,000 on the complaint of the man from San Bernardino.

For a time it looked as if Deverich, son of Nat Deverich, prominent Hollywood actors' agent, had lost all three women. Marilyn stayed close to her mother's Bel-Air home and Deverich, in jail, continued to protest his love for her.

"But," he admitted after several days had passed, "I'm not sure how she feels."

Marilyn for a time said nothing. Her mother, more vocal, said, "if he were the right man I'd do everything in my power for my daughter, but I'm afraid the marriage was a mistake."

On the 10th day of Deverich's imprisonment, Marilyn put an end to the suspense by posting the bail and the couple left to resume their honeymoon in Palm Springs.

"I have just met my father-in-law," said Marilyn, "and he thinks I'm wonderful. When Albert's troubles are settled he's going to make me a movie star."

Whether of not the pretty heiress ever finds fame before the Hollywood cameras, Albert's troubles were settled for the time being.

Marilyn made restitution on the bad check and Mrs. Hendricks was paid a little more than she claimed. Miss Thebiay also dropped her charges, indicating she, too, had been repaid.

Everybody was happy then—but not for long.

Albert Deverich Was Arrested on His Honeymoon and Again Later, and His Wife's Left Him for Good.

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HEROIC *Odette's* REWARD

By Charles Goddard

THE British Intelligence Officer looked the woman up and down, critically. She was young, but not too young—that was good. She was pretty—that was very good.

But she looked delicate, frail—that would be bad, very bad, for one who must endure what would cause "battle fatigue" in the sturdiest of men, unless he had nerves of steel.

"Mrs. Sansom, you are a French woman, widow of an Englishman," he said. "What makes you think you can help us over there?"

"I know my way around France and I want to do this thing more than anything else in the world."

"There is neither money nor glory in it. Reward will probably be death."

The man spoke in matter-of-fact tones, as if outlining the duties of a new office assistant. The widow replied in the same manner:

"Yes, and before that there will be torture to make me talk, but I won't talk. I know this because I have imagined it all the way through."

Imagination! It can make an arrant coward of a person or a hero. Which kind was this? The officer hesitated for days before handing up a favorable report.

Thus began the career of Odette Sansom, England's number one heroine of the war and only woman to receive the George Cross.

Also she received "decorations" from the Gestapo. They burned her back with hot irons and she cannot wear open-toed slippers until England permits sale of footlets again, because of what they did to her toenails.

The final reward, giving her story the perfect, happy ending has just come at a quiet ceremony in the London Register's Office where she was married to Capt. Peter Churchill, D.S.O., M.C., her commanding officer in the French Resistance Movement and her hero.

Accepted in 1942, Odette went through a long course of training which included not only spy tactics but such technical knowledge as operating and even assembling radio sets one part at a time.

Armed with forged papers, she was landed on the Normandy Coast, during a foggy night, some 10 miles from the intended spot. But it was all right; she found her way to the right one before dawn and in a few days was at work.

Then began what was the worst torture of all, because it was unending, the contempt of her relatives, friends and almost every loyal French citizen she met.

She had to invite this hatred and shame because it was necessary to be known as a lukewarm collaborationist.

Wherever there is espionage, there is counter-espionage and had these honest but untrained men and women known she was there to save them from the enemy, their friendship would have betrayed her.

Not until she had become a pariah did her immediate superior, known as "Raoul," let her begin her real work, consisting mostly of landing arms from England for the maquis.

This involved code communications with England by radio, sending word to members of the maquis, where and when to assemble and, if things went wrong, as often they did, warning them in time to avoid a trap.

Thus her work made her one of the most dangerous persons in France, should she be caught and tortured into revealing all those in the underground organization.

What worried her most were the frequent visits by plane of her top-superior Raoul, known only to her to be Captain Churchill. She was constantly in touch with him in the terse radio code and also sent him long, written reports, signed "Lise" and carried across the Channel by fishing boats.

Since these were likely to be captured by the enemy they had to be coded and were in the form of love letters. Ironically enough, the love was as true as the secret information.

Once "Lise" ran the gantlet at Marseilles of the dreaded Gestapo Headquarters to get information that had suddenly become necessary "at any cost." The cost proved to be that she was suspected by a Gestapo agent, who wanted to take her back to headquarters to check her papers.

She sized him up as a man who could be bribed. Pretending to be a silly, terrified woman, without brains enough to do anything serious, she hysterically thrust the equivalent of $600 into his hand and ran.

Glancing back as she turned the first corner, the fugitive saw the German counting the money and laugh.

The next time a Gestapo agent questioned her, she pretended to let him "terrorize" her into making a date, after promising all sorts of precautions against their being seen together. That evening a disillusioned Nazi sat drinking alone and cursing.

At last the thing she dreaded happened. The enemy spotted one of Churchill's landings. Odette managed to get him away into mountainous woods, thanking heaven for a cloudburst that made the night extra dark.

All seemed to be well until the woman's ear caught a soft thud-thudding behind them. Looking around she said quietly:

"Captain, don't change your pace. Let me get behind you. There is a police dog at our heels. I can handle him."

She not only knew the mind of the Nazi but of his specially-trained dog who would have attacked had they started to run. After a while, they reached a dry spot, protected by an overhanging cliff.

Before reaching it Odette scattered a handful of small bits of meat. While the dog was picking these up they reached the dry area and for a short distance walked in different directions. Where their trails parted, the woman sprinkled the contents of a can of sneeze powder.

A moment later they heard the dog sneezing and coughing as if his lungs would burst but kept quiet until other sounds indicated that something in the meat was also taking effect. Then they went on, only to blunder accidentally into the pursuers.

She and Captain Churchill were sent to separate concentration camps and did not see each other again until France was liberated.

Before her capture, Odette had sometimes pretended to be the Captain's wife, in order to facilitate their war work. Somehow, the Gestapo discovered that she was known as Mrs. Churchill and jumped to the conclusion that her "husband" was a relative of Winston Churchill.

That made them all the more determined, after her capture, to get out of her some convincing information about Captain Churchill that might aid them in negotiating for his exchange for some prominent war prisoner, perhaps even Hess.

When everything else had failed, they trundled her to the infamous gas ovens at Ravensbruck Concentration Camp, but she kept silent.

But they did not push her in, however, because someone high up thought Peter Churchill might be worth a little extra in an exchange of prisoners, if his wife were still alive.

What astonished the Captain when they met again in England was that Odette did not know that her love was reciprocated.

"You didn't train me to understand Englishmen," she explained, "but don't worry. I will."

Armed With Forged Papers, Odette Was Landed on the Normandy Coast, During a Foggy Night, Some 10 Miles From the Appointed Place.

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

MOTHER knew best

By Effie Alley

But Young Shirley Danoski, Who Thought Her Boy Friend Knew Better, Is Now Paying for Her Mistake and Hopes Some Day to Make Amends

AT 16, Shirley Danoski of Chicago has titian curls, a troubled conscience, a prison term to serve and a set of rules which she thinks other teen-age girls ought to follow.

Plenty of red-haired bobby-soxers are ready to offer advice at the drop of a curler, but Shirley is more qualified than most. She's doing her talking from a jail cell where she will spend at least another 12 months for having embezzled $13,000 so her boy friend could have a good time. He had it, but she is holding the bag.

Shirley's rules were devised for her sister, Marcia, who is at the same fork in the road that Shirley faced two years ago. If anyone else wants to eavesdrop, here they are:

1. Get better acquainted with your mother. Make a pal of her and tell her all your little troubles.

2. Never lie to her and don't go with anybody—girl or boy—who asks you to do things behind your mother's back.

3. If you do something wrong, don't hide it from your mother. Tell her right away.

4. Never get the idea that your mother doesn't understand. She understands better than anybody else and she'll stick to you when the going gets tough.

5. Introduce your friends to your mother and bring the crowd home for an evening of fun there once in a while.

6. Come down to earth. Get off the merry-go-round. Listen to your mother and you won't go wrong.

"I've broken every one of those rules and how I wish I hadn't," Shirley says. "If I'd played as square with my mother as she did with me, I wouldn't be where I am today. Facing from one to two years in the reformatory."

Shirley was sentenced by Judge Julius H. Miner in Cook County Criminal Court after she had pleaded guilty to embezzling the $13,000 while employed as a $30-a-week cashier for a grocery company.

She said she had given all but $300 to Edward Jennings, 17, and admitted that she had perjured herself at a previous trial by saying he knew nothing about the thefts.

Exactly the opposite was true, Shirley told the court later. Jennings not only knew about where the money was coming from but constantly demanded that she get more, she said. She went on:

"I tried to stop but he always wanted more. Fine clothes, a good time, an automobile. There was the money to gratify him right under my hands. So I stole—and gave it to him."

Today Edward is free, while Shirley pays the penalty for her thefts. Criminal court officials say that because she refused to implicate him when both were tried on charges of conspiracy, no further action can be taken against him.

But bitter as she is against Edward, Shirley is honest enough to realize that she was on the wrong track long before she met him.

During her first term at Parker High School she studied hard and was rewarded by making the best grades in her class.

Then came the first false step. She began to admire and to cultivate a group of "smooth" girls who regarded anybody who studied as a "dope." Shirley now recalls:

"I started cutting school to be with them. I wanted to be a hot-shot and have a good time, so I'd sit around a juke joint with them all day while my mother thought I was at school.

"Then I started smoking and deceived my mother about that—I guess that was the beginning.

"Naturally, I failed and school lost all interest for me.

"I still tried to lie to my mother even after the school informed her I was never there.

"Before she went with me to the principal's office, where everything came out, I told her the teachers had it in for me."

Shirley says her mother was upset when the authorities expelled her from school, but she wasn't harsh or angry.

The girl with the lovely red curls went on:

"At first Mom took away some of my privileges—like making me stay in nights—but that was all right. I knew I deserved it. She talked to me and tried to get my confidence. But it didn't do any good.

"I just thought she was old-fashioned. That she didn't know the score. That she didn't understand me. That she didn't want me to have a good time."

When Shirley left school for good, her mother, who was then working nights, got her daughter a job with the same firm.

They worked together, came home together at the end of the day and Shirley says now, "they got a little chummier."

She introduced Shirley to a nice boy, but Shirley "couldn't see him because he was too serious." Then she met Jennings at a South Side dance hall.

"From then on," she says, "there was no man in my life but Ed. There was nothing in my head but dreams of love and luxury."

About this time she gave up working nights to take the cashier's job which brought about her downfall.

"Mom knew I liked music and so arranged for me to take piano and voice lessons in the evenings, but I gave them up because Ed wanted me to be with him every evening.

"Ed kept telling me what a lot of fun we could have if we had a car. Looking back now, I remember that was when I started planning to get money.

"Even then if I had gone to Mom, she would have straightened everything out.

"Many times I wanted to, but I was afraid if I stopped I'd lose Ed. He promised we'd get married just as soon as we had enough money.

"I've learned my lesson, but I learned it the hard way. I know now there is no short cut to fortune—or happiness either.

"My mother tried to help me. She's the one who comes to see me in jail. And she's the one I'm now certain will be standing behind me when I get out.

"From now on I'm going to work hard and study hard. I'm going to finish high school and accomplish something in music and singing just as Mom wanted me to do earlier. Some day she is going to be proud of me."

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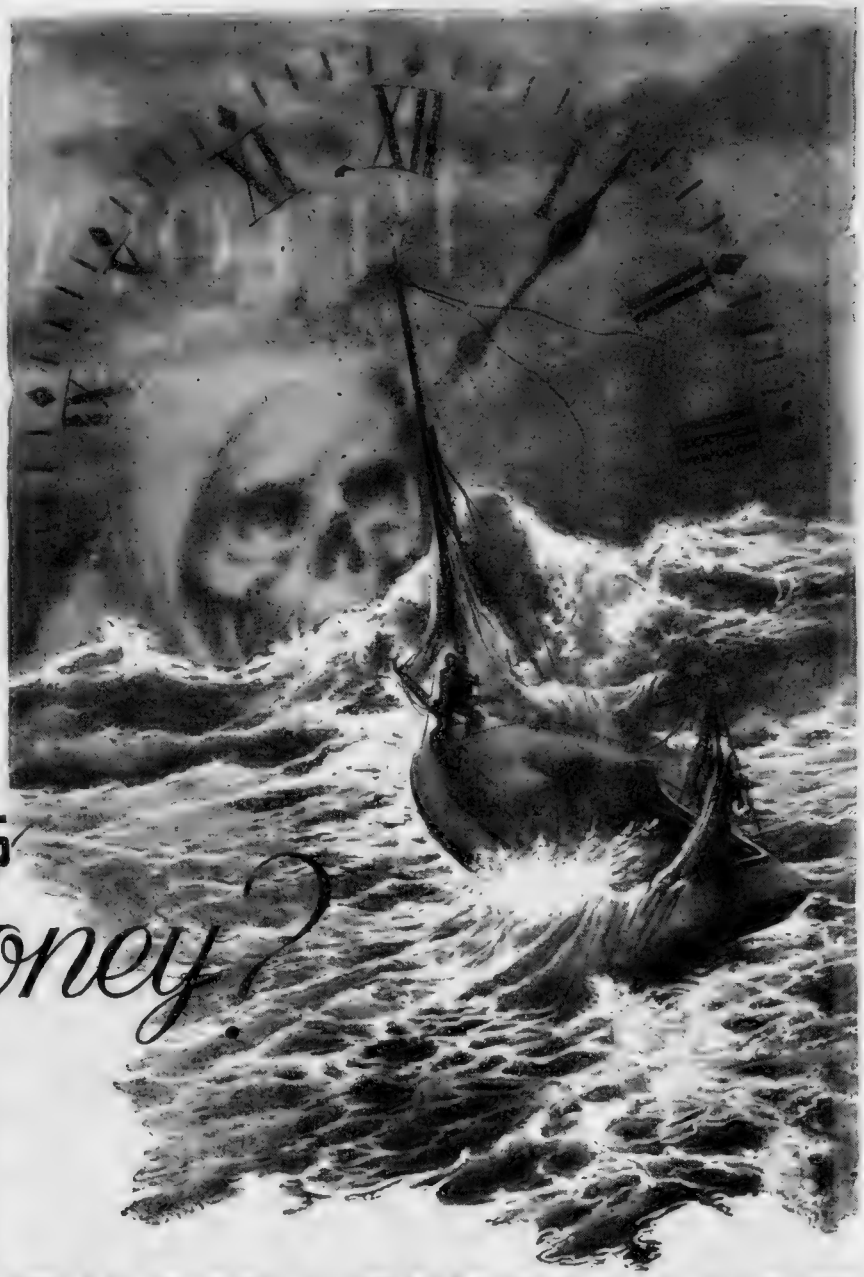
America runs...on Bulova time

Victor Brevoort Was Never Seen Again After Setting Out for the Azores In His Yawl. Was He Alive —or Dead—When His Sister Died Three Years Later?



WHO GETS THE *Money?*

By Jack Hyatt

VICTOR BREVOORT, wealthy New England sportsman, boarded his 35-foot motor yawl, Cygnet, in a high spirit of adventure and sailed alone out of the Boston Yacht Club harbor one day in 1937.

The 59-year-old bachelor, intent on his solo cruise to the Azores, couldn't have realized then that his projected trip would turn into a double-barrelled mystery of the sea and of courts.

He never was seen again.

Three years after Victor Brevoort's strange disappearance, his widowed sister, Mrs. Florence E. B. Elckemeyer, committed suicide in her Yonkers, N. Y., home.

Was Victor dead at that time? No one knows, and in settling a $100,000 estate the courts must decide whether brother or sister died first.

The Brevoort-Elckemeyer case is not the first time, nor will it be the last, when this queston has arisen to plague courts and worry heirs.

Little is known of the fate of Victor Brevoort. An officer of a British motor vessel reported he had sighted a yawl, presumably Brevoort's boat, some 1,000 miles east of Boston 17 days after the sportsman sailed away.

The ship's whistle was blown, but when no response or call for help was received, the larger vessel sailed on.

Later, a Spanish court found that during a violent storm the night of December 15, 1937, on the west coast of Spain, a yawl offshore was seen to display red flares and then sink.

No body was washed ashore, but pieces of boat wreckage were found bearing the name "Cygnet" and a scrawl believed to read "Brevoort."

Victor Brevoort had an income of about $6,000 a year from the estate of his father, James Renwick Brevoort of Yonkers, artist, art patron and financier.

The elder Brevoort stipulated in his will that on Victor's death the trust fund created for his benefit would revert to Victor's sister, Mrs. Elckemeyer.

Recently representatives of the Guaranty Trust Company and the Bank of Manhattan Company petitioned Surrogate Charles H. Griffiths at White Plains to decide whether Brevoort is dead and if so when he died.

If Surrogate Griffiths rules that Brevoort died before his sister, the money goes to Mrs. Elckemeyer's estate, thence to Columbia University, Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, and the Smithsonian Institution.

If Brevoort survived his sister, $50,000 will go to St. John's Riverdale Hospital in Yonkers and the remainder may be claimed by the heirs of Anson Baldwin of Yonkers, son-in-law of the elder Brevoort.

The New York County Surrogate has an equally difficult problem involving the estate of Mary Lindsay Tomlinson, 34-year-old beauty who was the daughter of L. Seton Lindsay, vice president of the New York Life Insurance Company. Mrs. Tomlinson met a death of her own choosing.

Mrs. Tomlinson was first married to Major A. G. Hiddingh, who was killed in action in 1941. She remarried. Her second husband was RAF Flight Commander David Tomlinson.

In the winter of 1943 she sought to join her new husband in England. She came to New York with her two children of the former marriage—Michael, eight, and John, six—and took an apartment on the 15th floor of a hotel.

Permission finally came through for her to go to England. But she would have to go alone, without the children. The next morning she took one child under each arm and jumped to her death from her hotel window.

She left a will, made in England in 1936. It named her father as executor of the estate, amounting to about $100,000.

Mrs. Tomlinson also left "all my insurance on the life of my father" to her "surviving children" and the remainder of the estate to Major Hiddingh, since deceased.

Her father asked the New York court to decide who died first—the daughter, or her children.

According to attorneys in the case, if the Surrogate decides the children died first, Flight Officer Tomlinson will share the estate with the father.

If one or both of the children survived their mother, Tomlinson's dower equity drops to the legal one-third of the $100,000 estate.

As to the insurance, no premiums have been paid since the suicide of Mrs. Tomlinson, but a considerable equity in the policy remains. The court will also decide to whom this belongs.

Christian Channing Gross married Virginia Randolph Harrison in 1922. She was a descendant of the fabulous Crockers of California. In 1924 she inherited $1,700,000 from her mother. She divided this with her husband, who put his half in trust.

Two children, Barbara and Peter, were born.

Christian Gross and his wife drifted apart, finally arranging a Paris separation agreement.

Then, one day, the estranged Gross, his two children, and his father and mother, were driving from Miami to Palm Beach, Florida. Gross was at the wheel. The car skidded and crashed. All but Gross's father were killed.

In New York Surrogate's Court Mrs. Gross proved by witnesses that young Peter lived three or four minutes after the accident, but she failed to show that her husband died before the boy did. The fight ended in a compromise whereby Mrs. Gross received half of the $800,000 involved.

The remaining $400,000 was divided between Gross' father and the estate of his mother.

Charles Lewis Fair, whose father amassed millions in western ore mines, married Carolyn Smith, a factory hand.

Charles' wealthy socialite sisters disapproved and the Fairs finally went to live in France.

Two years later he and his wife were killed when their car hit a tree. Both left wills giving their money to each other.

Lawyers bickered on the issue, French doctors saying he died first, California physicians saying she died first. The court decided that she had outlived the husband by a few minutes, so several hundred thousand dollars went to her poor relatives.

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Love Feast of a BEGUILING GODDESS

By Irmis Johnson

A LONG LOST ruler of ancient Erech, the Mesopotamian city that was a part of the kingdom of Nimrod, the "mighty hunter before the Lord" (Gen. X, 9), has emerged as the hero of a 4,000-year old Sumerian epic poem recently translated from cuneiform script by Dr. Samuel N. Kramer of the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

Like the empire-building King Nimrod who moved into Assyria and built the city of Nineveh, Enmerkar, the hero of 5,000 years ago, had great prowess, but he lived in the days when Sumerian rulers were pagan priests who imagined that their conduct was influenced by a host of mythological gods and goddesses.

The poem which Dr. Kramer has entitled "Enmerkar and the Lord of Aratta" is an account of how the ruler of Erech went out and conquered his wealthy neighbors at Aratta in a bloodless war.

As such it lends new significance to an ancient Sumerian myth of strife between Inanna, queen of the heavens, and Enki, the lord of wisdom.

Inanna, according to the early legend, acted as guardian goddess of Erech, and wanted to make that city the center of civilization.

She couldn't do this, however, without getting possession of certain "divine decrees"—presumably clay tablet documents—governing all the achievements of the Sumerians.

These decrees were hidden away in the watery abyss, called the Abzu, which was the home of Enki, the lord of wisdom and god of the sea.

Inanna realized that Enki, who "knew the very heart of the gods," wouldn't be easy to hoodwink. So she made herself especially attractive and went to call at the Abzu, on the edge of the city of Eridu.

Enki, secretly watching her approach, sent his messenger Isimud to greet her and issued orders that a banquet of barley cake with butter and date wine be set on the "table of heaven" for his beautiful guest.

The lord of wisdom sat down to enjoy the feast with Inanna, goddess of love and war. He was completely unsuspecting and, overcome with her loveliness, he drank too much wine.

Like an earthly suitor, he wanted to give the best possible gifts to the fair Inanna.

The goddess, seeing her chance to get the documents, probably applied a bit of the power of suggestion as a supplement to her charms.

The all-knowing Enki was completely befuddled as with unsteady hands he reached for the precious divine decrees. With great ceremony he presented the decree governing lordship in Sumer, the "tiara exalted and enduring" and the throne of kingship.

"Pure Inanna," as he fondly called her, took them. Then he presented to her the decrees of the exalted scepter and the exalted shrine.

Gradually Inanna accumulated the presents until she possessed all of the more than 100 decrees.

Without disturbing her host who seems to have fallen into a stupor, Inanna rushed her "boat of heaven" and departed for Erech with her presents.

Gradually the effects of the banquet wore off and Enki, awaking, noticed that the decrees were missing. The servant Isimud reported how Enki himself had given the decrees to Inanna.

The great sea god ordered Isimud to round up a number of powerful sea monsters and pursue the maiden.

Enki ordered that Inanna be spared when they seized the boat.

Inanna was ready for the sea monsters' attack. She called on her messenger Ninshubur, "whose hand never falters, whose foot never falters," to repulse them.

Seven times at the seven stopping points between Eridu and Erech, Ninshubur was called on to rescue Inanna's boat and the decrees from the sea monsters.

Finally the goddess and her precious cargo arrived home and her people prepared a great feast.

The clay tablet on which this part of the myth was inscribed was badly damaged, so Dr. Kramer is uncertain whether the speech Enki made to Inanna after her escape was one of threats or reconciliation.

Since all later Sumerian writings concerning Inanna call her the "lady of all the divine decrees," the implication seems to be that she never relinquished those presents she tricked the lord of wisdom into giving her.

The recently translated epic poem about Enmerkar, the ruler of Erech, tells how he sent an ambassador to the neighboring city-state of Aratta with a threat of dire destruction unless its ruler and people would bring gold and other precious metals to Erech to build a temple to Enki.

The lord of Aratta, however, replied to those threats that he was a protege of Inanna, "the lady of all the divine decrees, the pure Inanna," and refused to surrender.

Dr. Kramer suggests that Inanna may have been guardian of Aratta before she became tutelary goddess of Erech.

That is a point that may be elaborated when further translations of other Sumerian tablets are made. All together there are approximately 3,000 of these ancient clay documents dated somewhere around 2,000 B.C.

From this collection of myth and historical literature experts hope to piece together at least a part of the story of the mysterious Sumerians who were believed to have developed the earliest civilization on earth.

Ninshubur, Faithful Servant of Inanna Fought Off the Wicked Sea Monsters Sent by Enki to Recover the Divine Decrees.

Illustrated by WILLY POGANY

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Walter Johnson—

By Gene Coughlin

FOR 20 years presidents sought and treasured his autograph. Kings and princes asked to shake his hand. While a parade of other famous figures marched into oblivion after brief appearances, Walter Johnson remained the idol of millions for two generations.

Why? Because he could throw a baseball faster and straighter than anybody else in the world? Because he established records that will endure as long as baseball, the National Pastime?

Clark Griffith, his friend, employer and shrewd student of human nature, answers that:

"He was the greatest pitcher that ever lived, all right. But what made him a great man, a monumental man, was that he was a contented man. He loved his job. He loved his fellow man and the two loves gave him his own private religion and made him the best salesman the Golden Rule ever had."

Johnson never did become aware of his popularity or his prominence that evoked a tribute from the White House at the time of his death in a Georgetown hospital last Dec. 10.

Nor did he know that for two decades, starting in 1907, the ball he autographed on the opening day of the season was secretly returned to the President who had thrown it onto the field.

The modesty and the integrity of the man didn't suffer while he was at the peak of his career, when his was a household name. There was the letter from a cigarette company offering him $10,000 to endorse their product.

"There's some mistake here," he said. "They must mean $1,000. My name isn't worth that much money."

"Sure it is," a teammate said. "You're famous."

"Quit your kidding. I'll write and tell them they made a mistake."

BUT there was no mistake. The $10,000—nearly twice his annual salary, was a bona fide offer. All he had to do was to be photographed with a package of the cigarettes. Johnson said no.

"I don't smoke them," he explained seriously. "Although I don't object to anybody else using them. However, a lot of kids might start smoking them too soon and hurt their health."

His code of self-discipline, like his sense of fair play, was a stern one. Early in his career with the Washington Senators, the only major league club for which he played, he approached Owner Griffith with a problem. He was worried over his faulty fielding and Griffith gravely agreed with him, even hinting there was the possibility that "Ty Cobb and those fellows are liable to bunt you right out of the league."

Acme

Walter Johnson—He Fanned Sam Crawford, the Great Slugger, Without Throwing a Third Strike.

"I need some private practice," Johnson said. "I'll get a groundkeeper to bunt 'em to me."

"You can have the park Sunday mornings," Griffith said. "It's the one free time."

Johnson wrinkled his brow: "Yes, but that's church time."

Griffith's eyes twinkled under their shaggy brows as he quoted:

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to—"

Johnson straightened up and sighed:

"Yep. That's right. I owe you a lot too."

After that, Johnson's Sunday started at dawn, chasing bunts, dashing to the shower, and then to church. He became one of the best fielding pitchers in the league.

He disciplined himself again during spring training at the University of Virginia. Griffith, for practical and other reasons, had issued an order forbidding hunting by any of the players.

Temptation increased daily for Johnson, a hunter from boyhood, and one morning he slipped into the woods with his gun. That night he confessed to Griffith and a "kangaroo court" was convened. The players sentenced Johnson to "shag" flies during batting practice.

It was a strenuous ordeal, what with batters deliberately hitting balls far to his left, his right, and over his head but Johnson pounded and panted for five days before sentence was commuted.

Johnson was a serious and solemn workman out on the mound but he could relax readily and he had a sense of humor that made him a leading character in a fantastic baseball legend.

With the years, some of the names involved have been changed, but the version given here is termed "official" by Clark Griffith.

Washington was playing at Detroit and, with Johnson's fast ball functioning perfectly, had piled up a comfortable lead by the time they were going into the last half of the ninth inning.

The first two Detroit hitters were retired and "Wahoo Sam" Crawford, a great slugger, stepped up to the plate.

Catcher Eddie Ainsmith called for time and walked out to the mound.

"Let's have some fun," he whispered. "It's getting so dark you can hardly see that fast ball of yours. Work the count up to two and three on Sam and then, on the next pitch, take your windup—but don't throw the ball! I'll smack my fist into the mitt and we'll see what happens."

Johnson winked, and followed instructions, retaining the ball at the end of the windup and follow through. Ainsmith smacked his fist into the catcher's glove, held waist high and squarely behind the plate.

Crawford's bat stayed on his shoulder. Umpire Jack Sheridan's right hand went up to indicate a strike.

Crawford was speechless for several seconds. Then he shouted at Sheridan:

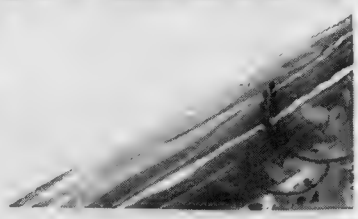
"You must be blind! That pitch was low and a foot outside!"

Johnson pocketed the ball and entered into a pledge of secrecy with Ainsmith.

AINSMITH, who was Johnson's regular catcher for many years after 1911, summed up his control when he told Arthur "Bugs" Baer:

"There was only one way to 'grab' Johnson. Hold your glove steady, close your eyes and trust that Walter hits your glove."

And the great Ty Cobb was frank to admit he had more confidence that Johnson wouldn't



hit him than that he would hit Johns

It was, of course, Johnson's terrific speed that enabled him to make the unprecedented jump from an independent team in the town of Weiser, Idaho, to the major leagues—and stay there.

But as it was his greatest asset, so was it his biggest worry. He lived and worked in the constant dread that the ball might "get away from him" and hit a batter.

OPPOSING batters went to the plate confidant that, while they might not see the ball in time to hit it, it wouldn't hit them, either.

They "crowded" the plate, giving him only a fraction of his rightful target, but Johnson merely grinned and continued to throw strikes.

He was throwing strikes one afternoon against Cleveland when Ray Chapman expressed the futility of "trying to hit something you can't see."

Johnson's first two pitches were strikes, and Chapman dropped his bat, started to the dugout.

"Come on back here," called Umpire Billy Evans. "You've got another strike coming."

"You can have it," Chapman said. "It wouldn't do me any good." Johnson was upset. "You have a right to it," he said. "I won't hit you."

Chapman shook his head and sat down. Walter Johnson never did hit him but Chapman was destined to die later when a pitch got away from Carl Mays and fractured his skull.

Johnson's consideration of his fellow men carried onto the playing field. Many an opponent, in a batting slump and worried about his next year's contract, was amazed and delighted to have the fast ball pitcher suddenly toss him an easy pitch, and then wink as it went for extra bases if it didn't affect the game's outcome.

Because Johnson played to win, even in heartbreaking defeat, he was fair to friend and foe alike. He lost one such heartbreaker to Smoky Joe Wood of Boston, by a score of 1 to 0, when a Washington outfielder dropped a fly ball that should have been an easy out.

Later, in the clubhouse, several teammates criticized the player. Johnson stood up, 6 feet 2 inches tall.

He Was the Idol of Two Generations — a Quiet, Modest Man Who Loved His Job and Believed in Treating the Other Fellow a Little Better Than He Expected

From Dakota's Black Hills, President Calvin Coolidge, who used ten words to tell the country that he did not choose to run for President again, became voluble. His telegram, read at the Johnson Day celebration:

"I am sure I speak for all when I say he (Johnson) has been a wholesale influence in clean living and clean sport."

The big man with the sandy hair and the pale blue eyes made a speech. He said: "Gosh! How do you suppose the President knew about it?"

IT WAS a big year all around. As part of the Washington Sesquicentennial, Walter Johnson was invited to duplicate General Washington's fabled feat of throwing a silver dollar across the Rappahannock River.

At the point indicated, the river measured 272 feet wide.

Johnson's first toss landed 40 feet beyond the far bank and he hastened to urge newspapermen not to print it, "because it looks like showing off. And besides, all my life, practically, I've been pitching. Washington had far more important things to do."

Baseball the game became baseball the torment to Johnson when he had to quit pitching. He tried to become a manager but he wasn't a success because, as explained by Griffith, "his players didn't work for him like he worked for his managers."

He tried dabbling in politics, but his sincerity proved a terrific handicap in that field and he later retired to his farm in Maryland.

His appearances in public became more and more infrequent as the brain tumor that was to kill him began sending out warnings. Before he went to the hospital for the eight-month losing battle, he made a talk to Troop 5 of the Washington Boy Scouts at the Cathedral. His frame was gaunt and the long arms hung limply at his sides, but his voice was firm.

"I'M NO expert on religion," he said. "But seems to me the best way for a fellow to know whether he's got a religion is the way he treats his fellow man. Treat him a little better than he expects and even if it don't make you feel good.

"And treat your job the same way, too. Whether it's helping with the dishes or pitching baseball, do the best you can, and it's surprising how fine a life you can have."

And there, with typical self-depreciation, Walter Johnson left them and went to his rendezvous with the only enemy he ever had — Death.

SALESMAN *for the* GOLDEN RULE

He hunched his tremendous shoulders and scowled for one of the few times in his life.

"Fellows," he said, "there won't be anything more said about it. If there is—well, I'm liable to do some scuffing."

His pitching achievements during his 21 consecutive years with one club, Washington, would fill a record book.

He had to wait until 1924, a period of 17 years, to get into his first World Series and he won the deciding game in the 12th inning, over the New York Giants.

THERE was another Series in 1925, and Walter Johnson left the mound in muddy, murky Pittsburgh the loser in the final game.

The Big Train was slowed down, but he was still plodding out to the mound for his regular turn in 1926, his 20th anniversary as a big league pitcher.

The nation took time out to take cognizance of the fact.

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

Johnson Threw a Silver Dollar Across the Rappahannock at the Washington Sesquicentennial Celebration—But the Feat Was Easier for Washington Because the Dollar Went Further in His Day

Women Acclaim Cleaning Miracle

"WHY doesn't somebody invent a *liquid* paint cleaner?", a friend asked Vera Nyman twelve years ago. "Yes, why don't they . . . why don't I *do* it?", Mrs. Nyman asked herself. So this dynamic woman started in where no professional chemist had yet ventured.

She began experimenting with mixture after mixture. She went from door to door, interviewing housewives and testing her cleaner in their homes. She accepted their suggestions, and when she had interviewed 75,000 women and perfected a product that would clean nine out of ten painted surfaces easy as dusting, she knew she had succeeded.

For Soil-Off, as Mrs. Nyman called this original liquid paint cleaner, eliminated all the drudgery usually associated with paint cleaning. Soil-Off cleaned in one operation—was as harmless to good cleanable paint as to hands. Women began to hear about Soil-Off, and their acclaim and demand for this cleaning miracle made Mrs. Nyman a successful manufacturer. Today clean, gleaming paint and Soil-Off are synonymous from coast to coast.

If you are unable to buy Soil-Off at your favorite store, write Soil-Off Manufacturing Co., Dept. 11, Glendale, California, for the name of your nearest dealer.

Let Vera Nyman show you how to

CLEAN PAINTED SURFACES

easy as dusting!

Vera Nyman

a housewife herself, invented Soil-Off to housewives' specifications. In fact, she interviewed 75,000 women and tested and perfected Soil-Off right in their homes. That's why Soil-Off is America's finest liquid paint cleaner!

READY-MIXED SOIL-OFF FLOATS SOIL AND GREASE AWAY IN ONE OPERATION! NO WATER, NO RINSING, NO DRYING!

1 Saturate cloth with Soil-Off

Pour Soil-Off right from the bottle on an old piece of bath towel. With Soil-Off, you see, there's no mixing, no water, no guesswork. Soil-Off's 11 selected chemicals are factory blended and distilled to scientific proportions. The result is velvet-soft liquid free from caustics, acids and abrasives.

2 Gently wipe soil from paint

Now wipe your painted surface like dusting. Use short, firm strokes, cleaning about three square feet at a time. Watch how Soil-Off cleans in one application! How it needs no rinsing! How it dries without streaking! How harmless it is to good, cleanable paint *and your hands!*

3 Now stand back and admire

Thin, non-inflammable Soil-Off has made your painted walls and woodwork gleam in one-third your usual paint-cleaning time. Precious gloss is retained—color refreshened. There's that freshly-painted look—and your house smells clean, too. Buy a bottle of Soil-Off today.

Only Soil-Off gives you these *plus* qualities!

plus *Soil-Off removes yellow discoloration easily.* Its special blue clarifier helps keep white paint *white*

plus *Refreshens color and restores natural beauty.* Helps add years to life of your paint.

plus *Mildly disinfects and deodorizes* as it cleans. Leaves a faint, fresh odor of forest pine.

plus *Penetrates soil but not the paint!* No moisture seeps behind paint to cause flaking and peeling because Soil-Off has *gauged penetration!*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Every bottle of Soil-Off is guaranteed for quality and uniformity. Buy it with confidence at your grocery, hardware, drug or department store. Soil-Off Manufacturing Co., Glendale, California

SOIL-OFF

THE ORIGINAL LIQUID PAINT CLEANER

The Cleaner With "The Feather Touch"

THE EMPHATIC SILENCE OF *Warburton Webb*

He Took the Divorce Papers From the Sheriff's Man, Then, Silently as Ever, Went to Bed Across the Hall From His Wife.

By Travis Hoke

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

WHEN Warburton Carver Webb returned from Italy to his home in fashionable Fairfield, Conn., just before last Christmas, he had been away nine months. The two children were back from their boarding schools. His wife, an invalid who spends much of the day in bed, was in her room.

What Mr. Webb may have said to the children Mrs. Webb doesn't know, but to her he said nothing—not so much as a greeting through her bedroom door.

Her greeting to him came 10 days later. On New Year's Eve a man from the sheriff's office served Mr. Webb with divorce papers.

In the 10 days Mr. Webb had said little to Mrs. Webb. What he did say, according to Mrs. Webb, had been not only unpleasant but also highly reminiscent.

It had been so much of both on the day before New Year's that it sent her to lawyer Salvatore Genuario of near-by Bridgeport. She was half in hysterics, Mr. Genuario says.

After he got the papers, and still saying nothing, Mr. Webb went upstairs to bed, across the hall from his wife.

Mr. Webb's father, the late Dr. Albert T. Webb, was a leader in international society, a prominent member of the American colony in Rome, and personal physician and dentist to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy for 30 years. The son was born in Italy and lived there until he came to this country to enter Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.

Before World War II he was an investment broker with a New York firm. He was over age for the armed forces but did his bit by working in a Bridgeport factory as a laborer. He has been European representative for a soft drink manufacturer for some three years.

His wife is the former Winifred Stryker Mott, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hossack Mott, of the old Knickerbocker coterie of New York society. She is the direct descendant of Gen. John Stryker, the Dutch patroon to whom Queen Anne granted thousands of acres between Albany and Amsterdam, N. Y. Mott St., in New York's Chinatown, is named for the same Mott family.

Her father was a close personal friend and the favorite croquet partner of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, Mrs. Mott says.

She met Mr. Webb while he was a senior at Yale—and while, she adds, she was being courted by students from Columbia and Princeton. He was much more the silent type than the men from Columbia and Princeton. Also, he went in for boxing and wrestling and was a member of the varsity boxing team of 1924.

Last New Year's Eve, after Mr. Webb went to his room, he stayed there—nights, at least, for some time.

Mrs. Webb doesn't think his living in the same house with her was unusual, she said recently. Neither does the State of Connecticut.

Its Supreme Court of Errors ruled, in 1938, that a wife could sue her husband for divorce even though they occupied the same house, that living in the same house didn't mean they were friends. Many states think otherwise.

The house, on exclusive Greenfield Hill, contains 15 rooms on 15 acres of ground. There were no servants indoors or out, Mrs. Webb says.

"Our house, a wedding gift from Dr. Webb, is large enough so that our paths didn't cross," Mrs. Webb says. "He had his own bedroom, bath and dressing room and I have mine."

"He knew I intended to sue him some day," Mrs. Webb went on. "He said this was his home and he wouldn't go anywhere else, so where could the sheriff serve him?"

The children, Warburton, Jr., 18, and Winifred, 20, may have taken care of their father during the holidays, Mrs. Webb thinks. She feels sure her companion, Miss Jerrine Baldwin Buck, did not lend a hand.

When her husband stopped staying in the house, Mrs. Webb only knew it when she realized she hadn't seen his car for a week. That, she says, illustrates the attitude she complains of.

"Warburton had the usual Continental ideas about women," Mrs. Webb says. "He told me a wife should do only housework, bear and bring up children and not interfere in matters of business or culture.

"After we were married I found out he didn't want a wife in the American sense. He just wanted some one to keep house for him and be the mother of his children.

"He never respected me nor any other woman. After 20 years I've had enough."

Her husband's absence in Europe nine months of the year is part of the "intolerable cruelty" on which Mrs. Webb based her suit. She also asked custody of the children

Pending trial, Mrs. Webb secured an attachment of Mr. Webb's $75,000 bank account to assure the $40,000 alimony she was asking. Mr. Webb's silence continued. No attorney of record appeared for him to contest the attachment

It was thought he might be visiting his brother-in-law and sister, Dr. Howard Comfort, college professor at Haverford, Pa., and Mrs. Comfort He'd been there for a week end, the Comforts said. He hadn't said where he was going

He wasn't in Santa Barbara, Calif., visiting his mother. She wasn't expecting him.

At the soft drink plant they were surprised that anyone should ask for him. He was on vacation from Europe, they explained—why should he show up at the plant?

Eventually a lawyer conferred on his behalf with Mr. Genuario about alimony and the like. Mr. Webb's lawyer was almost as reticent as his client.

Then word leaked from the soft drink plant that Mr. Webb was en route to Cairo, Egypt

Warburton Carver Webb, Yale boxer and soft drink salesman, apparently preferred to remain silent

Shop for Pop, FATHER'S DAY IS A WEEK AWAY

By Robert Goodman

Noted Illustrator of Men's Fashions

P. T. probably would have been the last person on earth to inaugurate Father's Day, having learned from long experience that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

He will never buy gay or nice things for him self, but how proud he is when someone else buys them for him!

As a mere man who has had his hand in fashions for a number of years let me suggest how those who want real happiness for the head of the house, next Sunday, can do away with any need for "tongue-in-cheek" thanks.

Remembering that gifts can be gay without being gaudy, check your presents for three important requirements. They should have utility, add to Father's comfort and be in good taste.

Even if your pocketbook is lean, you'll find a great many things in the market, and within your economic reach, to meet this test.

If you buy clothing, or accessories, there is no guarantee, of course, that your purchase will shove Dad into the much-publicized "best-dressed men of the year" class.

The 1947 selection of 10 topnotchers already has been made and includes: Robert W. Jackson, Supreme Court Justice; Leo Durocher, stellar manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., movie actor; Clifton Webb, stage actor; Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., U. S. Senator; L. A. Voiter, vice-president of Royal Lace Paper Works, New York; George Burns, radio comedian; Ferruccio Tagliavini, opera singer; Joseph Schultz, New York attorney; and Paul Whiteman, orchestra leader.

That is the Custom Tailors' Guild's selection. Many equally well turned out men, who purposely shun the limelight, undoubtedly can be found in every major city.

Your present can help make Father one of the unobtrusively well dressed, however.

If your thoughts turn to ties, be sure you buy something that will not scream in the dark. Ties can be gay without being loud and right now is the time to look for soft summery tones effectively worked out in geometric patterns that don't offend. Beware of orange and green nightmares.

A solid gold or rolled gold plate tie clasp in a simple bar design will add to your tie gift, and it is a necessary adjunct to good grooming.

Jewelry for a man should be conservative. A robe and slippers always have been synonymous with comfort, so may we suggest some Norwegian type moccasins for wear around the house, but equally useful for a trip to the corner grocery. Add to these a rugged terry cloth robe that will be at home in the bathroom, at the beach or on the back porch.

Since rainy days rarely are holidays for the man of the house, a raincoat naturally falls into the necessity class. Select it with care, however, for a lightweight material that really is rain-thwarting is much more comfortable in summer time than a more bulky cloth.

Speaking of bulk, people underestimate the importance of giving good, sheer handkerchiefs to men. They are so necessary if one wishes to eliminate bulges in trouser and coat pockets, caused by heavier grade of cotton handkerchiefs.

Add to these few suggestions smoking accessories, shaving equipment, luggage, hats, sweaters, suits, gloves, and wearable jewelry and you'll have a wide selection of gifts any father can use.

For your guidance I have sketched some typical "good taste" items which—should Pop be tempted to look his gift horse in the mouth—he'd find neatly labeled "strictly 1947."

These articles have been selected from moderately priced stores and similar items can be purchased anywhere in the United States.

There's nothing in the lot Father should feel moved to lose—or hide.

Illustrated by ROBERT GOODMAN

If You Don't Trust Your Own Good Taste, Here Are Suggestions: Colorful Handkerchiefs, Comfortable Sports Shirts, Sweaters, a Useful Robe, Garters, Suspenders or Belt, Key-Chain, Money and Tie Clips, Cuff Links, Gay but Not Gaudy Ties and Socks, a Utility Raincoat and Cozy Moccasins. Father Might Not Buy Such Things for Himself. He'll Wear Them Proudly If You Give Them.

He'd Certainly Like a Luxurious Lounge Suit Like the One on the Model, or a Good Pipe and Tobacco Pouch. A Billfold, Cigarette Case or Lighter Always Is Welcome and, If Dad Needs a New Hat, Why Not Give Him a Gift Certificate?

Mrs. Osborne Was Plain Mad. "I Won't Do It," She Told the Bank Robber. "You Get Out of Here."

The DIGNITY of LABOR

BANK CLERKS

By Booton Herndon

THE well-dressed young man had an intense look as he entered the bank in Plainfield, New Jersey, and walked up to William Chappell's window. He pulled a gun and pointed it at the teller.

"I'd like to have all the money in the bank," he said quietly and [illegible].

Chappell didn't change expression. He stepped back, walked calmly a few feet to a hidden alarm set in the floor. He stepped on it, and the bell sounded.

That was the moment for heart failure. What would the bandit do when the bell rang out? Chappell's doubts were dissipated when the young man turned and ran. He was frightened, and the dangerous looking weapon turned into a toy pistol.

Bank clerks just don't like to part with the money with which they're trusted. Mrs. Maude Osborne, of Elk City, Kansas, became very vehement about it.

A man went to her window and growled: "Give me all the money in the bank or I'll blow your brains out."

Mrs. Osborne was speechless, but only for a moment. If the bandit thought he had frightened her, he was wrong. Mrs. Osborne was not speechless with fear. She was just plain mad.

"I won't do it," she exploded. "You get out of here."

The tough bandit's jaw dropped, and he stared at her. "Huh?" he asked.

"You heard me," she snapped. "I won't do it and now you get out of here!"

The bandit got. He knew when he was licked.

The 310,000 bank employes in the nation are not people to be trifled with. They have a high rating as a class with bonding companies, but they're human, too.

The Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association in California has collected some of the unusual happenings in which its clerks took part. One teller, many years ago, started a chain of events just by being nice to an old gentleman who looked none too prosperous.

The old gentleman asked some questions about government bonds, but the young clerk thought he wanted friendship more than information. He was pleasant, asked after the old gentleman's health, and answered his questions.

Next day the wistful old fellow dropped in again, and the next day, and the next. Then he asked if he could be taken to a private room. The nice young clerk obliged, and the old gentleman handed over a money belt containing $60,000 in government bonds. He'd been afraid of banks, but the young man's friendliness won him over.

The story doesn't end there. The old gentleman was picked up by police and put in a psychopathic ward. He called for his friend the bank clerk, who promptly testified that the customer was rational.

"I swan to man, that's the best thing that ever happened to me," crowed the old codger. "Now it's official that I ain't crazy. You folks at the bank take over my estate, will you?"

The folks at the bank did, the estate turned out to be quite valuable, and the friendly young clerk is now an assistant vice president.

Another teller once received a frantic call from a customer who demanded that he get a typewriter, some paper, and a stomach pump and come to his house right away.

Illustrated by OZNI BROWN

Teller and manager went out together, and found the man in extreme pain. They called a doctor, and while waiting the sick man turned over $37,000 in securities for safekeeping.

The doctor arrived and recommended immediate hospitalization, but the customer wouldn't go until the teller said it was all right. At the hospital, an emergency blood transfusion was prescribed, but the man refused to take it from anyone but the teller. Fortunately, the blood matched, and the Bank of America saved another customer.

They're thoroughgoing people, these bank clerks. When Mrs. Rita McAfee, in Atlanta, Ga., bank employe, entered an essay contest, she didn't bother to pick one of the six topics. She wrote an essay on each, and won a Caribbean cruise.

A veteran woman teller in New York, who speaks French, was able to pull one of her customers out of a jam. The customer had ordered and paid for several hundred dollars worth of furniture. Then her husband, a French official, received abrupt orders to return home. Their money was tied up in furniture they didn't need.

The bank clerk accompanied her customer to the store, read them a riot act on good neighborliness—and her customer sailed with her money.

Some banks insist that tellers must earn a certain amount before getting married. Others swear them to secrecy on any confidential information which they might receive.

Still, in the words of a young New York teller, "we meet more interesting people than newspaper reporters, and they come to us, too."

Belle S. Hamilton of Leesburg, Florida, has collected some of the requests that come over her desk, to prove that it takes all kinds of customers to make a bank. Here are some of them:

"Please loan me $50 and charge it to my account."

"Tell me what my balance is as I'm fixing to overdraw."

Another customer tried to mortgage his car, although he didn't know exactly where it was. Pressed for an explanation, he finally admitted that his wife had run away with another man, in his automobile.

He planned to mortgage the car, then not make the payments, so the bank would take the car from his wife.

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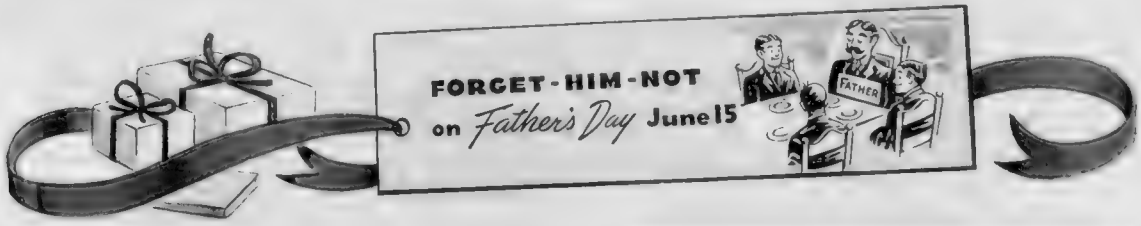
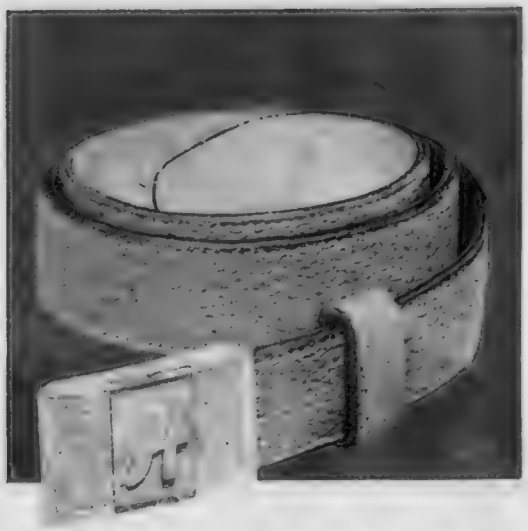
THE SUPREME COMPLIMENT. The renowned and distinguished sequence of shaving requisites. FIRED IN 23K GOLD, each $5. Sets to $15. IN JEWEL-LIKE CRYSTAL translucent masculine shades. Each, $2.50. Sets to $7.50. At better shops everywhere. Acknowledged the world's finest



See The Bing Crosby Father's Day Window Display In Leading Men's Stores Throughout the United States



Initial Buckle and Belt by

Give Dad a gift that's distinctively *his* own, Hickok's individualized styling at its best. Ribbon Initial Buckle on Imported Pigskin Belt; the complete set . . $3.50

HICKOK

BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY • WALLETS • GARTERS

BUCKING THE *Las Vegas* GAME

By William Engle

WHEN three young men won $104,850 in a gambling casino in garish Las Vegas, Nevada, the other day they attributed their success to a self-devised system of roulette betting, but as any insurance actuary or other expert on the laws of chance knows, what they really had was merely a phenomenal run of luck.

No system can beat the house. The experts can prove that. Runs of luck come and go. The unchanging percentage in favor of the wheel's operator always makes the house the winner.

No one ever broke the bank. The bank in a casino fixes a limit on its losses for the day. It won't go beyond the limit; it may close for the night, but "breaking the bank at Monte Carlo" or "busting" one anywhere else is only a phrase denoting the bank's temporary suspension.

The young men's killing was the kind that Hollywood glamour figures for years have been trying to make in the western gaming capital, and they're willing to let their record stand.

"Even our system can't beat the odds in the long run," they admit.

They had their fling because chance brought them together—Ed Scofield and Sam Taylor, Hollywood film writers, and Ben Harrison, a Montreal businessman. The mathematical Harrison kaleidoscoped the pet system of the other two, and came up with the one-day wonder.

"I always had a system," said Scofield a little while ago. "I picked it up in Monte Carlo. It was very good. But it didn't work."

"I had one, too," said Taylor. "I got it from my Uncle Harry. He ran a saloon in Cripple Creek. It was all right. But you couldn't win."

They told their friend Harrison and he says that all he did was take their charts and "coordinate" them.

With the coordinated system, they decided one night to walk down neon-blinking Main Street in Las Vegas, and not just for fun. They took along a working capital of $2,400.

After they had won $12,000 in one casino and $9,700 in another, they asked Sanford Adler, owner of the Hotel El Rancho Vegas, to raise the limits, and he agreed.

Scofield and Taylor placed the bets. The modest wizard from Montreal gave the signals. Spectators huddled around. The sheriff dropped in. The play didn't cease until they stepped back with the $104,850.

They made the killing, they explain now, by playing certain "key numbers" and certain "variables." They played the "key numbers" all the time and the variables depending on individual "wheel performance."

The "key numbers" are 5, 7, 8, 12, 17, 20, and 32. "Variables" are 3, 6, 9, 30, 31, and sometimes 17 and 19.

In betting, they placed one chip, sometimes two, on each "key" and "variable" number. In addition, they laid a pattern of bets around each "key" number, each chip placed so that it "halved" with the "key" number and its next door neighbor.

"This requires about 22 chips, though it may take more, depending on how you play the 'variables'," said Harrison.

Beyond that, in detail, they wouldn't go, for they said that although the system worked once, they could never be sure of it again—any more than you can be sure of any other system where the casino has a number or numbers of its own always working against you, the zero of the European casinos, the double-zero of Las Vegas.

Hollywood notables, visiting Las Vegas, could have got no inkling of their logic, and would have turned away—Jimmy Lydon (the movie Henry Aldrich) and his wife, Patsy, to a slot machine, perhaps, since they like its mild diversion, and Robert Hutton, the juvenile lead, and his wife, Cleatus Caldwell, to another roulette wheel, with a promise of its own. Jimmy Ritz, of the Ritz Brothers, would have had to stand aside, wondering, and depend only on his luck.

That would please Nevada, with gambling its biggest industry next to mining. Its casinos are waiting for people who depend on their luck. They are waiting, even, for people who want to drop in with a roulette system of their own.

Actor Robert Hutton and His Wife, Cleatus Caldwell, Trying Their Luck at the Wheel.

Three Who "Broke the Bank" at Las Vegas (Left to Right)—Screen Writers Sam Taylor and Ed Scofield and Businessman Ben Harrison.

YOUR Health by G. B. LAL

A Number of Young Victims of Ordinarily Fatal Anemia Have Been Saved, Even Permanently Cured, by Folic Acid—the Acid of Leaves.

FINGERNAILS REVEAL HEALTH

POETS, like Laurence Hope, have sung about the emotional power of the human hands. Myths have developed around the relationship between the characteristics of the hands, especially of the fingers, and a person's character and personality.

But now medical science also shows the importance of the patterns under the fingernails — patterns of capillaries, the network of the finest blood vessels.

Prof. Alfred Hauptmann, of Tufts College Medical School, Boston, reports in the Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry that an examination of fingernail capillaries furnishes a means of detecting the tendency to nervous and mental disorders.

The capillaries can be observed, and photographed, under the microscope. If a person is healthy, the blood vessels appear like sets of "hairpins, straight, evenly distributed." In those who are diseased, or predisposed to ailments, the capillaries are looped, knotted and wavy.

Dr. Hauptmann found that the irregular patterns predominate in those who suffer from migraine headache, epilepsy, defective blood circulation and certain heart troubles, and emotional instability. In children, the normal development of the capillaries is arrested by deficiency of thyroid gland hormone and other conditions interfering with growth.

Drs. Stanley Cobb and Mendal E. Cohn, of Boston, observed that in cases of hysteria, anxiety and other mental troubles the capillaries of the fingernails are irregular. They do not think, however, that the shape of the capillaries is fixed by heredity.

SURGERY FOR CANCER

IN cancer of the stomach, and related internal organs, assimilation of food is impaired, and the patient grows anemic and emaciated. Such cancer is most dreaded because it is difficult to diagnose in the early stage, when best prospect of cure is greatest. By the time it is recognized, the disease has progressed so far that it is classed as "inoperable."

Prof. Alexander Brunschwig, of the University of Chicago, however, has shown in his book "Radical Surgery in Advanced Abdominal Cancer," published by the University of Chicago Press, that by skillful operation many of the victims of apparently "inoperable" cancer of the stomach, intestine and liver can be saved.

The great surgeon operated on 1[illegible] such cancer patients, relieving pain, discomfort and disability in half of them. These patients, following the operation, had normal appetite and digestion and managed to live and work for several years.

In about one-fifth of the number treated, that is 19 patients, the results of surgery were truly marvelous.

Of these patients, 14 are still alive and well, although two to ten years have passed since their cancerous stomachs and related internal organs were removed. The Chicago surgeon, whose encouraging results are due, he explains, to keeping the patients nourished with proteins, vitamins C and K, which aid in healing of wounds, to the use of spinal anesthesia; and to blood plasma injections. In brief, the patient was built up, chemically, so that the surgeon would win out against fatal cancer.

FOLIC ACID, NEW BLOOD BUILDER

BABY LYNNE, a 16-month-old girl, smiled at the butterflies flitting around the flowers, then sighed peacefully and fell into a sound sleep. "That's a miracle," exclaimed her mother. "My baby is getting cured!"

The infant had been suffering from anemia, the disease of the deficiency of red blood cells. She had colds, a cough, irritability, pallor, listlessness and sleeplessness for months. She seemed doomed.

Then a competent physician began giving her synthetic folic acid, by injections and through feedings. The treatment had rapid effect. The baby's body began to build red blood cells in larger numbers. Anemia began to recede. Eventually Baby Lynne was permanently cured.

At the Children's Hospital, Wayne University, Detroit, Drs. Wolf W. Zuelzer and Faith N. Ogden have cured or relieved a number of infants, two to 16 months old, who suffered from a common form of anemia (megaloblastic). In most cases, this disease results in death.

They gave folic acid, in adequate amounts. Some of these sick babies had been nourished on goat's milk, others on the usual milk preparations. In a few cases, the infants were brought up on the mother's milk, but the mothers themselves had been anemia patients.

Among adult patients, folic acid has been used with strikingly beneficial effects in the treatment of at least five forms of "macrocytic" anemia, in which the red blood cells are fewer in number, but larger in size, than in normal health. Thus victims of pernicious anemia, sprue, pregnancy anemia, and Addisonian anemia have been greatly benefited.

As the name suggests, folic acid, is a substance from foliage. It was prepared from spinach, alfalfa and other leaves at the University of Texas, by Dr. Roger J. Williams, Dr. Esmond E. Snell and others. Several forms of the chemical have been found in liver, yeast and other food substances. Its basic chemical has been found also in the wings of yellow butterflies.

Regarded as one of the vitamins of B complex, folic acid is now available in synthetic form.

IF THE body lacks certain substances—among which folic acid, in some form or other, is an important one—red blood cells are not produced and matured sufficiently. This causes anemia symptoms. Also if there is not enough iron in the body, mostly because of lack of iron in the diet, the red pigment (hemoglobin) of the blood cells can't be made; so, iron, too, is necessary.

According to Prof. Tom D. Spies, of the University of Cincinnati, folic acid alone cannot prevent all symptoms of anemia. Some other chemical, as yet not isolated, but present in the liver, is needed to prevent, relieve and cure anemia.

Sometimes, in anemia, degeneration of nerves takes place, slowly or rapidly. Feeding and injecting folic acid alone cannot alleviate this; but when a little liver is added to folic acid, the signs of nervous degeneration can be checked. Millions of Americans, the best fed people in the world, somehow suffer from mild forms of anemia—which makes them fatigued, irritable, sleepless and mentally sluggish.

Eggs, liver, yeast, oysters, watermelon, lettuce, spinach are among good sources of natural folic acid; but nobody yet knows how much of this vitamin the human body needs each day. In summer more is needed, because this vitamin is lost through perspiration.

SUNSHINE FOR TEETH

PROF. C. A. MILLS, of the University of Cincinnati, has studied the incidence of tooth decay among people living under different climatic conditions in the United States. He reports that he has found that toothache is lessened by sunshine. There is about five per cent less dental disease for each additional 10 hours of sunshine per year, at any place, he says. How sunshine aids in prevention of dental decay is not clear. It may produce more vitamin D in the body.

The presence of a little fluorine salts in drinking water also hardens the tooth enamel, fortifying it against the germs that destroy the enamel and cause tooth decay. Balanced diet, sunshine and water with certain minerals, together with emotional serenity add up to fine, strong teeth.

Illustrated by MIRIAM TROOP

Get MORE with THOR . . .

Get a wonderful Clothes Washer . . . . . or
Get a wonderful Dishwasher . . . . . or
Get Both in ONE Thor Automagic

You don't need rinse tubs. You won't go near a wringer. Yet Thor's agitator action washes clothes cleaner than any other method we've tested.

No chance of dingy washes with your Thor Automagic. Agitator action opens every fold to fresh, hot suds . . . TWO kinds of rinses float out soap and soil . . . an automagic spin-dry whirls the heaviest pieces 20% better than wringer-dry. All *you* do is click a dial! You get more with Thor . . . in every way!

Only Thor's controlled washing action permits such gentle cleansing for dishes—such power for pots and pans. And with so little hot water!

In just five minutes and with only four quarts of hot water, you'll wash and rinse a table service for six in your Thor Dishwasher. And *you* control the force of the cleansing sprays that put a sparkle on dishes, a gleam on pots and pans. Safe, simple . . . and your hands never touch dishwater!

No part of the Thor that touches clothes ever touches dishes

1. Clothes and dishes are washed in separate units (entirely different) that slip in or out easily.

2. Takes just 1½ minutes to make the change from Clothes Washer unit to Dishwasher unit.

3. A touch of this one dial operates (by turn) both the Clothes Washer and Dishwasher units.

4. Easily installed in kitchen, utility room or basement. No bolting down, no excessive weight—no vibration!

Remember . . . You Can Buy Your Thor Three Ways

With the Thor Automagic you use a wonderful motor and mechanism 365 days a year, instead of just one day a week . . . you get *two* fine washers for little more than the cost of one. And you can start right out with the Combination or buy your Thor as a Clothes Washer only . . . or a Dishwasher only . . . and add the extra unit whenever you like.

HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION
Electric Household Utilities Corporation, Chicago 50, Illinois
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YOUNG AMERICA'S BRAINS WILL PAY The NATIONAL DEBT

By Frances Spatz

"THE United States is the last remaining stronghold of free enterprise," James A. Brearley said recently on his retirement at 70 from his post as Chief Clerk of the U. S. Patent Office.

"Practically all other countries have compulsory licensing of patents," Mr. Brearley pointed out, and now communistic forces would tear out the cornerstone on which this nation's progress has been built.

"The principle which gives the inventor exclusive right to his invention for a limited time is being attacked by communist and totalitarian influences which would pool all inventions and leave their development to state monopoly."

These influences have charged that inventions are suppressed and progress retarded by private monopolies, Mr. Brearley says.

Citing the testimony of the late Thomas Alva Edison before a congressional committee years ago, wherein the great inventor said he never had known of a suppressed invention, Mr. Brearley added that after 40 years in the Patent Office he was in complete agreement with that testimony.

"Communists may talk all they wish about human ideas being the property of the whole human race," the ex-Chief Clerk argued, "but the fact remains that a young inventor who knows the fruits of his research, manual labor and experimentation are to be taken from him, or portioned out to him, will not sustain his effort as he would if he could look forward to possible fame and fortune."

On the other hand, Mr. Brearley foresees greater inventive progress in the future than has yet been achieved and a new frontier for American youth if the principle of competitive enterprise can continue to be maintained.

All of the nation's geographical frontiers have been conquered by young Americans of earlier generations. Its mineral resources have been discovered; its rich forest lands tapped. Agriculture has been raised from a "poor farmer" existence to a profitable venture.

Commerce and industry are thriving in this, the richest country in the world.

The one remaining frontier, for the coming generation, Mr. Brearley believes, is one of the mind—achievement by more and better inventions.

Had it not been for American inventiveness as fostered by its patent system, he declares, this country would not have been able to make its great contribution to the winning of the last two wars.

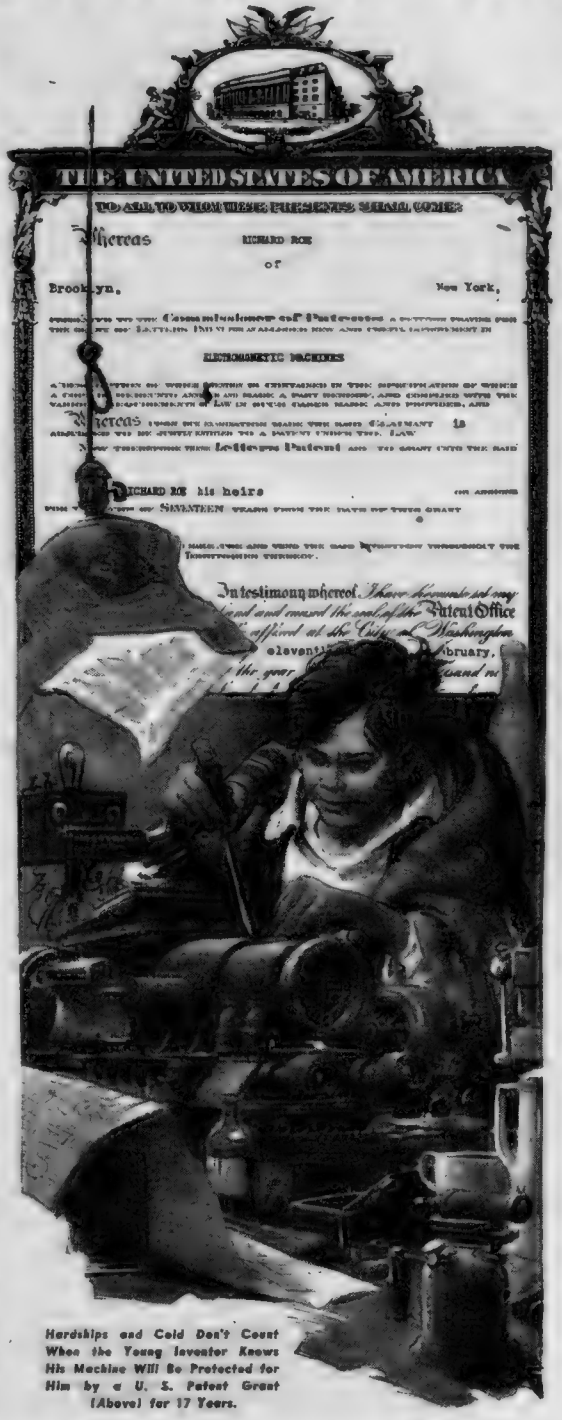
The United States has produced the greatest engineers in the world, he points out, all because our patent system assures the ambitious inventors that they will be rewarded for their labors.

These rewards, almost boundless in their scope, could easily take care of this country's public debt.

A re-evaluation of the U. S. patent system is particularly timely now because President Truman has ordered an investigation into its ramifications with a view to making necessary changes. A report on this investigation is expected soon.

On the day after his graduation from high school in May of 1892—when he was only 16—James Brearley went to work as a machinists' apprentice at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.

After each exhausting day's work he put in a full evening at the Corcoran Scientific School, now George Washington University, where in only four years of study he received his Bachelor of Science degree.



Hardships and Cold Don't Count When the Young Inventor Knows His Machine Will Be Protected for Him by a U. S. Patent Grant (Above) for 17 Years.

Then he was advanced from machinists' apprentice to draftsman. By continuing the grind at night school he was able to get a master's degree in mechanical engineering by 1905.

With all of this hard-earned education for a background James Brearley started his real life work at the age of 30.

That is when he went into the Patent Office with a rating as a fourth assistant examiner.

James Brearley had no special aptitude for inventing. He never made anything on which he could apply for a patent. Yet he had a keen interest in the cause of inventors.

Alone and untutored he started plodding through law books. He was so apt that eventually, without any university law degree, he was admitted to practice before the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia; later before the U. S. Supreme Court.

In the Patent Office he advanced to the position of examiner, specializing in woodworking and grinding machinery. Then he became assistant to the Chief Clerk.

A little more than a quarter of a century ago he took up the important job of Chief Clerk, which he held until his retirement.

The successes of James Brearley's life were based on a type of free enterprise that cannot be protected by patent laws. Undoubtedly, however, his struggles helped him to develop his deep appreciation of the importance of such protection.

He calls the English system of taxing patents a totalitarian device.

"If an inventor in England fails to pay the tax in any year," Mr. Brearley explains, "his invention automatically becomes public property. The tax increases from $25 to $80 and the patent expires after the 16th year."

Both in England and in Canada any individual can go to the patent office after three years, claim that the inventor is not making full use of his patent, and apply for a license. If the case is granted, the patent office may even fix the terms of payment to the inventor.

"This puts an intruder in a position of competition with the rightful owner of the patent," Mr. Brearley says. "If the contender is wealthier than the inventor, the inventor may be placed in an untenable position."

All of this, Brearley points out, is "distasteful to those who hold to the American tradition that it is an individual's right to reap the profit of his own initiative and inventiveness." It builds up, he says, a barrier to the ambition of youth.

While he champions free enterprise, Mr. Brearley is equally vehement in his denunciation of the system of huge private monopoly, as embodied in international cartels.

As possible improvements on our present patent system he suggests a system of patent courts to handle nothing but the steady stream of infringement suits; a shortening of the 17-year patent period to clear the books of outmoded inventions; enlargement of the Patent Office force to cope with work piled on it.

"When I resigned from the Patent Office on the last day of 1946," Mr. Brearley reported, "there was a backlog of about 128,500 applications for regular patents, 75,000 applications for design patents and 12,000 applications for trademarks.

"During the last half of 1946, there were issued 10,756 patents. Altogether, 39,182 applications had been received.

"That amounts to taking one step forward and two steps back."

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

Scotland Yard's MOST

The R. A. F. Deserter Said He Met Mrs. Sutton on Edgeley Road and Told Her It Was Too Late for Him to Return to Hendon Airdrome. He Asked for Shelter for the Night and She Led Him to Her Door

Illustrated by
HERMAN GEISSEN

By Peter Levins

THE case that flabbergasted Scotland Yard got under way on the afternoon of Oct. 2, 1931, with the discovery of a young woman's body in a vacant S-ho store.

Two employes of a sign company, Douglas Bartram, manager, and Frederick Field, mechanic, had made the find. The store, after a long period of vacancy, had been rented to a leather goods merchant, and he had ordered certain display signs, some of which were to be installed inside.

As the keys had disappeared, Bartram and Field, who had come to check the electrical fixtures, had to force the door, and they had immediately discerned the feet of a woman sticking out from beneath a pile of newspapers. Bartram, thinking the papers covered a dressmaker's dummy, had moved some of them with the tip of his umbrella.

"My word!" he had gasped.

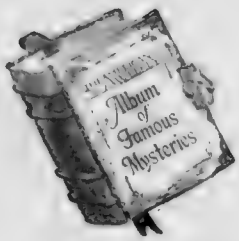
The girl who lay there was about 21, quite pretty, and of medium height. She wore a green dress, the belt of which had been knotted tightly around her throat, and a black hat.

"A matter for the police, Frederick," said Bartram, and sure enough it was.

Frederick went and got a bobby, and presently Yard men were exercising their talents on the premises, which, however, offered no clues, either to the identity of the victim or to the identity of the killer. She had been strangled, the police discovered, and had been dead about three days. If she had possessed a purse in her last moments, this article had since been removed of

However, police photos of the girl's face quickly led to her identification as Nora Upchurch, 20, daughter of a London railroad conductor. Nora had run away at the restless age of 16, and re-

EMBARRASSING CASE



ports had it that she had not since been leading a precisely pious existence.

Mechanic Field, it developed, had been the last person to possess the keys to the vacant store. Three days before, he had been sent to remove a "Store to Let" sign, and en route he had picked up the keys at the office of the store's agents. He had entered the store, he told police, and had been in the act of removing the sign when a man bustled in and, declaring that he was the new lessee, asked for the keys.

"He had a letter, written on the stationery of my company, stating that he was the new lessee," said Field, "so it seemed all right to let him have the keys. It never occurred to me to be suspicious of him."

HE recalled that the man wore a biscuit-colored suit, and had a gold tooth in his upper jaw.

Scotland Yard could not find the faintest trace of this man.

The investigation remained at a standstill for 21 months. Then, on July 25, 1933, Frederick Field called at the office of the London Daily Express and announced that he knew more about the murder of Nora Upchurch than he had previously admitted. As a matter of fact, he himself had been the killer, he asserted.

"I am confessing this," he said, "because I believe my wife and child will be better off without me."

Field, a tall, well-built man of 34, had lived with his wife and baby daughter in suburban Clapham at the time of the murder. However, domestic trouble had beset them in ensuing months, and his wife and child had gone to live in Cardiff. Field said he had "made arrangements" whereby his family would be cared for following his death. Meaning death on the gallows.

His version of the crime as told to the Daily Express and as told later to the police differed in a number of respects. At the newspaper office he said that his one motive had been to perpetrate a perfect crime; he gave a different explanation to the police.

"I had never met the girl before," he related at the Express office. "I had no reason for killing her—that is to say, no particular reason. I had made up my mind to kill someone to prove a theory, and it was chance that chose the victim."

He said he'd had many arguments with fellow workers whether such a thing as a perfect crime were possible, and it had become an obsession with him.

"I could not, believe me, kill a cat or a bird," he went on. "Cruelty is not one of my faults. What followed sprang directly from a challenge in my mind.

"I had been working at the shop where the girl's body was found. I should have returned the keys to the agents, but with my idea in mind I kept them. I went home after work and, telling my wife I was going out with a pal, I changed my suit and returned to the West End.

"I walked about a bit and noticed a young woman. I spoke to her and she went with me to the vacant shop. We hardly got inside before I put my hands around her throat. She went down without any struggle or sound. I was surprised to find how easily I had killed her.

"I have no feeling of remorse. Of course, it was unfortunate for Nora Upchurch that she should have been the one I chanced upon. But there it is. The one satisfaction I had at the time was that I had done what I had made up my mind to do. The result, however, was not quite what I could have wished. You see, although I had committed a perfect murder, no one but myself was aware of the fact."

Police officers at the Great Marlborough station questioned him closely, with the result that he gave a different version of events.

He had picked up the girl in Bear St., West London, while on the way to the shop that afternoon, he said. She had accompanied him to the store, he said, and had submitted to his advances. Then they had quarreled, and he, furious, had seized her by the throat. "She seemed to faint away," he said.

WHY had he taken her handbag, they asked, and what had he done with it? He replied that he feared there might be fingerprints on the bag, and he had thrown it into the canal near Sutton.

The police could find no trace of the bag in the canal.

Although the prosecution had no evidence except Field's own statement, he went on trial in Old Bailey the following Aug. 19, 1933. And at the very first opportunity, he repudiated his entire confession.

"Why did you go and make that untrue statement?" his attorney asked.

"I wanted the whole thing cleared up properly," he replied. "The whole business had been left hanging in the air. People would say, 'This man has done it.'

"I could not turn around and say, 'I have been proven innocent.' I wanted to be arrested and put on trial to prove my innocence properly."

Verdict: Not guilty.

Thus exonerated, Field was taken back into the Royal Air Force, where he had served once before for six months.

On March 24, 1936, he was reported A.W.O.L. from Hendon Airdrome and on the following April 5 he was arrested as a deserter at West Gardens, Tooting. Back at the airfield, he remarked to the corporal who had him in charge that he hadn't seen a newspaper "but I know there's been some trouble at Edgeley Road."

"What sort of trouble?" the corporal idly inquired.

"Hasn't it been reported?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well, anyway," Field said, "I know something about it."

Trouble... Edgeley road...

On that Sunday morning, April 5, a little girl had called to collect a coal bill from Mrs. Beatrice Sutton, a former photograper's model, who lived in the ground floor apartment at Elmhurst Mansions, Edgeley Road. No one had answered the door, so the child had called on Mrs. Gladys O'Connor, a tenant in the same building.

Mrs. O'Connor now remembered something.

Mrs. Sutton had suffered a nervous breakdown the previous winter, and ever since then she had kept a light burning all night in her bedroom. But on the previous evening, although Mrs. O'Connor knew the other woman was home, there had been no light. Had she committed suicide?

Mrs. O'Connor thought she had the answer when, after entering the Sutton apartment via a window, she found Mrs. Sutton dead on a couch in the living room. Mrs. O'Connor removed seven pillows covering the body, and could not detect any signs of violence. She concluded that her fellow tenant had taken poison.

It was not until Monday morning that the metropolitan newspapers carried accounts of the strange death, which came to be dubbed "The Mystery of the Seven Pillows."

That same day the police received the information that Frederick Field, the same queer duck who had perpetrated that hoax in the Upchurch killing, had made a confession to his superiors at Hendon.

The authorities, still put out by that experience, were not inclined to take the matter seriously.

FIELD, they now believed, seemed to be nothing more than a harmless eccentric who liked to see his name in the papers.

Besides, this was merely a suicide, was it not? The police presently learned that it was not.

On April 16, the coroner reported that Mrs. Sutton had not died a natural death, nor had she died by her own hand. He declared that she had suffocated as a result of violent pressure on the windpipe.

Superintendent Yandell of Scotland Yard compared the coroner's report with the story Field had told. He was struck by certain similarities; the man appeared to know details of the case which previously had not been known even to the police.

Yandell therefore ordered that the mechanic, who was being held at the Hendon police station on a charge of desertion, be questioned more closely as to his knowledge of Mrs. Sutton and her death.

Field now related that for the past 11 months he had been friendly with a woman who had separated from her husband and gone to live in the Tooting section of town.

On March 23, he said, there had been a bitter quarrel, and the woman had told him she never wanted to see him again.

This had so depressed him that, on the following day, he had left the airdrome without permission and purchased a bottle of disinfectant with the intention of committing suicide. Then he had gone to Wimbledon Library and written a letter to the woman announcing his intention to end his life forthwith.

"But I lost my nerve," he said. "I threw the bottle away."

For several days, then, he loafed around London. He did not dare go back to the airdrome, but he needed money for food.

On the night of April 4, he continued, he wandered about Clapham for several hours, hungry and homeless. At about 11:30, he encountered a woman (Mrs. Sutton) on Edgeley Road, and remarked to her that it was a rather chilly evening.

In the ensuing conversation, he confided that he was afraid it was now too late for him to return to the airdrome—he would be much obliged, he told her, if she would give him shelter for the night.

Mrs. Sutton hesitated only a moment. She led the way to her door and closed it behind them.

Field said that he seized her immediately and choked her to death before she could utter a single outcry. Then he had covered her with pillows and ransacked the place for money. But, he declared, he had found not even a shilling.

"That's the story," Field concluded with a smile that seemed to be tinged with slyness. "Now I suppose you will try me and hang me?"

Scotland Yard refused to give any guarantees.

ON April 17, they took him to South London police station, where Deputy Inspector Brown asked that the charge of desertion be adjourned sine die and the prisoner released.

This was done, but as soon as he stepped out of court he was rearrested on the charge of having murdered Beatrice Sutton.

Brought to trial in Old Bailey on May 13, this extraordinary individual repeated what he had done in the Upchurch trial. He'd had nothing to do with the Sutton killing, he said.

He had confessed the crime, he asserted, because he had wanted to die and hadn't the courage to take his own life. Since then he had decided that he did not wish to be hanged; therefore he was repudiating his confession.

However, he did go so far as to admit that he had been in Mrs. Sutton's place on the fatal night, and that he had actually seen her dead on the couch!

He said that on the night of Saturday, April 4, he had been passing Elmhurst Mansions when he heard sounds of a violent quarrel inside.

Immediately afterward the sounds had ceased, then a man had rushed out, pulled his hat over his eyes, and disappeared into the darkness.

Field told the court and jury that, purely out of curiosity, he had entered the ground-floor apartment and seen the body beneath the pillows.

The prosecution maintained that Field had to admit being inside the apartment and seeing the body, for he had already made statements—to his superiors and later to the police—which indicated that he had knowledge of the murder scene.

But now he swore that he'd had nothing to do with the crime, now he wanted to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

Was history about to repeat itself? Would the case for the Crown again fall apart, as in the Upchurch fiasco? Was this man Field the master hoaxer of the age?

Scotland Yard still had a card or two to play.

It was recalled that in his original story of the crime Field said that as he left the Sutton apartment he had noticed two women across the street:

When he had mentioned this, it had not seemed important. But now the prosecution produced these women, and they positively identified him.

The jury needed only 20 minutes to find him guilty.

"This is a mistake," he muttered.

Perhaps an apt retort would have been that he himself was a mistake.

On June 20, a large crowd gathered at Wandsworth prison for Field's execution. As with all hangings in England, Mrs. Violet van der Elst, wealthy widow of a shaving cream manufacturer, staged her characteristic demonstration against capital punishment.

SHE drove to the scene in a Rolls Royce equipped with a loudspeaker. As usual, she immediately ran into trouble, a by-product of her hobby upon which she seemed to thrive.

On previous occasions like this, Mrs. van der Elst had been treated good-naturedly by the onlookers. But now they hissed her. They remembered that she had protested the hanging of a particularly monstrous physician who had slain and dismembered his wife and the nursemaid of his children.

On that occasion, the crowd had greeted her with shouts of "How would you like to be cut up?"

This time they stoned her car, and the police had to take her away. As usual, she was fined for creating a public disturbance.

Meanwhile, Frederick Field was hanged.

Two weeks later a London newspaper published a story in which the murderer's father stated that Frederick had confessed the Upchurch crime to him while awaiting execution for the second killing.

He had killed her, he said, because he was desperately in need of money to pay a debt, and he had made his father promise never to reveal the confession until after his death.

Scotland Yard is comforted by the knowledge that this case is practically unique in the annals of English crime.

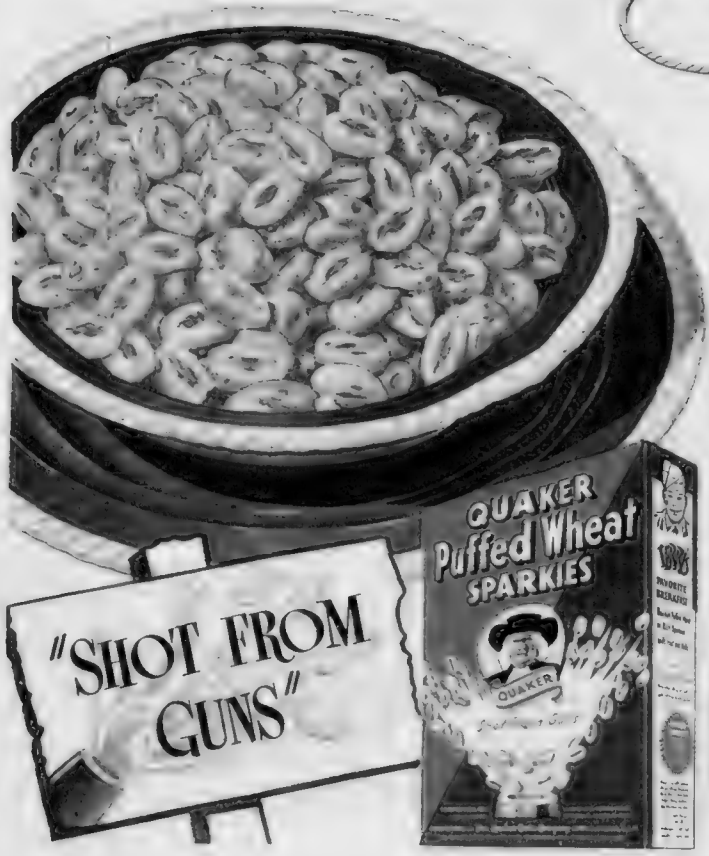
Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

DENNIS MORGAN

Shoots straight from the shoulder for QUAKER Puffed Wheat SPARKIES

"Wheat Shot from Guns is Elegant Eatin'"

starring in Warner Bros. Hit "CHEYENNE"



DENNIS: Howdy, Mr. Quaker. Say, for my money you're the prize winner in the breakfast business. Why, your wheat shot from guns must be as popular all over as it is here in Hollywood.

QUAKER MAN: You hit it on the head, Dennis. It is true that more folks today are enjoying Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies for breakfast than ever before. That's because the most important thing about a food is quality. And only the premium grains of wheat are selected for Sparkies. Then these choice premium grains are shot from guns, actually exploded to 8 times normal size. So they come out big, luscious, plump morsels that everyone loves to eat.

DENNIS: They look like a heap of good eatin' too.

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Dennis, a breakfast of Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies with some milk and fruit makes a mighty tasty breakfast. But let's remind the folks of this—to get the original, crisp, fresh, Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies, always look for the big red and blue Quaker package. It's never sold in bags or bulk. What's more, Sparkies have the additional food value of Vitamin B_1, Niacin and Iron restored. So for the best, insist on Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies.

Enjoy Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies, too!

Smuggler-Catching Robot

Nobody Can Hide Anything From the Inspectoscope's Piercing X-Ray Eyes

The Inspectoscope Looks Like a Couple of Telephone Booths and Can Thoroughly Look Over as Many as 300 Persons an Hour.

By FRED B. KINNE

THE scientist, home from war, has taken his place at the side of those who combat one of crime's biggest international businesses...the smuggling of contraband across the nation's borders.

So in case you're thinking of trying to sneak across the border with a nip or two of tequilla from down Mexico way, be sure it's carried internally.

The new ally of the customs service already in use at the International border at Tijuana, 18 miles south of San Diego, Calif., is the Inspectoscope, invented during the war by Henry Sicular, a San Francisco scientist.

The Inspectoscope, which can see right through you, buttonholes, ribs and all, was used in post offices throughout the country during the war to detect items in suspicious-looking packages. It also served in war plants to discourage smuggling home of valuable tools.

The customs station at Tijuana was the first where United States officials installed the setup for detection of smuggling and in its years of service, the "robot" has done more than its share to curb the travel of contraband across the border.

Located just outside the customs house, the Inspectoscope, which resembles a pair of "king sized" telephone booths, is operated by a feminine inspector for the psychological effect on women being searched.

The Inspectoscope screen is located in that part of the booth occupied by the operator and is worked by a footpedal. First view reveals head and shoulders of the person inspected, the second picture shows the midsection and the final view is the lower extremities. Each view lasts only six seconds to avoid injury from rays the "Inspectee".

SCREEN image of the inspectee is similar to that shown by fluoroscope. Clothing appears to have been stripped and any bottle, jewelry narcotics can be spotted immediately.

Many persons, concealing bottles of liquor, perfume up their sleeves have been caught by the "magic eye" of the Inspectoscope in recent months and scores have been reported women who concealed cans and marijuana inside their girdles.

The operator must learn to identify the possible presence of contraband only because more than 300 persons per hour are put through the Inspectoscope during normal operation. Under the pre-war system of physical searches only four persons per hour could be inspected.

An estimated 50,000 persons have passed through the Inspectoscope in a year of operation and nearly 300 seizures have been made, ranging from the attempted smuggling of an avocado to valuable jewelry and narcotic hauls.

When the operator inside the booth spots contraband on the person being inspected, she instructs officers to whisk the suspect inside the customs house for a thorough search. In the event the screen reveals the suspect to be armed, the operator presses an emergency button which flashes a light outside the booth visible only to the customs men. In this way the suspect can be seized before he suspects he has been spotted.

Because the border station at Tijuana passes more travelers than any other in the United States with the exception of Detroit, the machine can be operated only at short, non-scheduled periods. Otherwise a long line will build up at the station and warn possible smugglers that the machine is in use.

CUSTOMS Collector Noonan has declared that greatest good from the machine comes from its role as a deterrent. Knowledge of the presence of the machine has stopped many would-be smugglers from testing its efficiency.

The number of declarations made by tourists who otherwise might have tried to escape the duty payment has more than paid for the cost and operation of the machine, he said.

Such a LITTLE makes such a DIFFERENCE... by Wilbur Adam

TO KEEP LARD LASTINGLY FRESH
LEADING MAKERS ADD JUST .001% OF GUM GUAIAC.

VITAMIN K GUM CUTS TOOTH DECAY
UP TO 90% IN 18-MONTH STUDENT TEST. EACH SUBJECT CHEWED AFTER EACH MEAL ONE STICK OF THE GUM CONTAINING JUST ¾ OF A MILLIGRAM OF VITAMIN K.

...and just 1% of magic solv-x in PARKER QUINK keeps pens free-flowing and out of the repair shop!

PARKER Quink CONTAINS SOLV-X

SNOW TO ORDER
PEA-SIZE PELLETS OF DRY ICE DROPPED FROM PLANES INTO CLOUDS CAN CAUSE SNOW.

"NIGHT WATCH" into "DAY WATCH"
AFTER 300 YEARS, A CLEANING OF REMBRANDT'S FAMOUS "NIGHT" SCENE RECENTLY REVEALED THAT IT HAD ACTUALLY BEEN PAINTED IN COOL DAYLIGHT COLORS.

● Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles. They clog feeds—they damage vital rubber and metal parts. Now Parker scientists, by adding to Quink a new protective ingredient, *solv-x*, have created an ink that cleans pens as they write . . . prolongs their life . . . and stops most pen troubles before they start.

Here's how *solv-x* in Quink protects pens 4 ways: (1) Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow. (2) Cleans a pen as it writes keeps it out of the repair shop (3) Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks. (4) Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks

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PEN-CLOGGING ADD WATER NOW ADD SOLV-X PRESTO!

Brilliant Quink comes in 4 permanent, washable colors. 25¢ and 35¢ sizes. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

PUT ASIDE OLD-FASHIONED BLUINGS!

Discover this Amazing "No-Work" Way to MAKE CLOTHES DAZZLING WHITE!

THERE'S NO EXTRA BLUING RINSE BECAUSE BLU-WHITE BLUES and WASHES at the Same Time!

New, Revolutionary BLU-WHITE Is a Combination of Special Bluing and Pure, Mild Soap Flakes!

FOR FAMILY WASHES!

Sensational Blu-White does what no ordinary bluing can do—what even soap alone cannot do! It blues and washes at the same time! Gives you mountains of cleansing white suds with beautiful blue water. There's no extra bluing rinse! No bluing streaks or spots! In tub or machine, Blu-White works wonderfully with your regular soap into full, rich suds. For dazzling white, sparkling bright washes, without the drudgery of old-fashioned ways, get Blu-White!

FOR "WASHBOWL" WASHES!

It's thrilling to see how Blu-White makes handkerchiefs and other white things dazzling white—tinted lingerie as dainty and fresh as new. And Blu-White is safe for everything you wash, even nylons and washable colors. Try it! See how kind it is to your hands. No wonder 9 out of 10 women who try it prefer Blu-White Flakes to anything else they have ever used.

● Tune in "Rose of My Dreams" and "Evelyn Winters"...Two shows, Coast to Coast, Mon. thru Fri. Consult your radio page for times and stations

Get BLU-WHITE Today!

Teen-Age Tempest

Girl-Meets-Boy as a School Problem

By URSULA TROW

LOVE stuff in school has been causing a lot of people trouble if we're to believe what we read. Out in Willits, Calif., the high school recently was closed down in an effort to enforce a "no-petting" edict. The principal refused to resume classes until he was assured that there would be no more hand-holding and embracing in study halls and hallways.

One California School Closed Its Doors Until the Principal and Teachers Were Assured That the Boys and Girls Would Obey a No-Petting Edict.

In Spokane, Wash., the students took matters into their own hands and stormed the principal's office with demands to "keep the love stuff out of school."

And then from Mehoopany, Pa. we received letters from Miss Lenore Wise's sophomore class on Public Behavior. The whole class, it seems, deplores petting in public by teen-agers.

With faculty members providing games during noon hours, **Doris Gramley**, 16, a member of Miss Wise's class, doesn't understand why some girls won't take part in the activities.

"Instead," writes Doris, "they sit around in the school room and 'mush.' I think some of them think that's the only way to keep their 'fellow.'"

Maybe Mehoopany smoochers should see themselves as others see them. Through **Grace Robinson's** eyes they look like this: "There are two couples in the high school room every noon who really are a sight. They don't waste any time winding their arms around each other and they don't care who sees them kissing or who hears them saying mushy words. They disturb anyone else in the room who does have work to do.

"I think they should be made to remember that they are in school to prepare themselves for a future and not for love-making."

Another member of the class, **Peggy Gramley**, 15, thinks that "parents should be told about their youngsters' actions in school, and girls should be told that public petting does not make them more popular."

Irene Bullock, 15, complains that ". . . giggling, necking and the like that can be seen around the school almost any time sets a bad example for younger school children . . ."

We cannot quote from all the letters. Let it suffice to say Miss Wise's class is unanimous in its condemnation of public petting.

But condemning the offenders doesn't seem to put a stop to the practice. What would you suggest as a remedy? Who should tackle the problem? Is it up to the schools, the parents or the children themselves?

Open Letter to Parents

MANY a father and mother, puzzled and upset by their wayward youngsters, may find enlightenment, if not comfort, in the following letter from Roy D. Cassidy, of Brilliant, Ohio:

"Juvenile delinquency," says Mr. Cassidy, "is the result of a breakdown in the morals of the people as a whole—an insidious type of breakdown dating back many years.

"Each generation has inherited a less strict code of morals from the generation preceding it.

"How can parents expect their children to be any better than they are?

"If, in your youth, you kicked the conventions around a little more freely than your parents, then you helped lower the moral code. Your children will reflect your standards—and probably slip down another notch.

"Any number of books can be written on the control of juvenile delinquency - but there will be no real control unless we get to the cause of the trouble. And that cause is us—today's parents.

"Juvenile delinquency could be very nearly stamped out if each generation went up instead of down the moral ladder."

Do you agree with Mr. Cassidy that Americans as a nation are not setting good examples for their children? And that the blame for juvenile delinquency rests squarely on the shoulders of parents? Send your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

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Gentlemen:
Send me the new Two-Tone W-40 Jacket at $5.95 on your guarantee that I must be satisfied or I will return it within 5 days for a refund.

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QUICK RELIEF!

Use soothing refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. It quickly relieves tired, perspiring or odorous feet. Eases new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Sold everywhere. For FREE sample write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 1P, Chicago 10, Ill.

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Does ITCHING Torment Steal Your Sleep?

DON'T suffer and scratch tonight because of dry eczema, simple piles or a minor rash.

Let soothing Resinol Ointment comfort you as it has so many. Its highly efficient medication is combined with an oily base that prolongs beneficial action. Resinol Soap cleanses gently. Use both.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

"Will Be Fun to Make the Sundress on the Pattern Page.

Letters to the Editor

Problem Drinkers

Seattle, Wash.

YOUR article "Drinking—Misfortune or Misdeed?" attracted my attention—because I used to be an alcoholic. I feel compelled to mention two or three aspects of the article that left questions in my mind.

The opening paragraph of the story says that Allen G. Lynch "cured himself of alcoholism" . . . I find this hard to believe because abstinence for any given length of time is not a "cure." If Lynch had ever been an alcoholic, it wasn't possible for him "again to become an alcoholic." He had never ceased being one.

I question the decision of the judge who ruled that Lynch was ineligible for insurance benefits solely because he resumed drinking. Many alcoholics who have abstained from drinking for a long time suddenly find themselves facing some emotional crisis. Without any thought of the consequences, or "the power of choice," they seek escape in alcoholic stupefaction.

In my case—as in the cases of thousands who have found the answer to their alcoholic problem in Alcoholics Anonymous—it has required a great deal more than abstinence to insure my sobriety. It has meant an almost complete reversal of my mental and emotional processes.

It seems safe to reason that Lynch was a problem drinker and, as such, didn't have the power of choice between drunkenness and sobriety. If so, he is up against a problem that might be solved by association with Alcoholics Anonymous. I hope so.

A Member of Alcoholics Anonymous

• • •

Lackawanna, N. Y.

I am a veteran of World War II and an ex-alcoholic, so I was much interested in your article, "Drinking—Misfortune or Misdeed?" I could tell you plenty about my case, but just want to say that too much alcohol drives some people to steal and kill and—as I almost did—to commit suicide. I am a member of Alcoholics Anonymous and hope to see more articles on alcoholism in The American Weekly.

G. J. K.

That Patent Problem

Gowanda, N. Y.

Being a constant reader of The American Weekly, I find many interesting "Letters to the Editor" on various subjects.

In a recent issue, I noticed that E. G. Lippke of Connecticut asked how he could protect his ideas, by patents. Many years ago, a patent attorney friend of mine told me that the simplest method was to write a letter to one's self, describing the idea in detail, and addressing the letter to one's self by registered mail.

Then, if the original letter is not opened, it will serve as a witness to the date and, in addition, bears the official U. S. Post Office stamp. It will prove when and where the idea originated, if proof is ever needed.

I have done this myself in the past, so I know it works.

A. Cleveland

Discordant Notes

Washington, D. C.

In your recent article, "The Decadence of Modern Art," Albert Sterner wrote, "If an artist . . . chooses to use a horse's tail for the head of a human body, he will probably make the front page and be displayed in . . . fashionable . . . museums." That has been ringing in my ears for days.

It is painful to see modern so-called talent in art and music striking such discordant notes, when heart-warming harmonies are so greatly needed to bring this weary world to peace.

J. Howard Faust

Defending Decency

Elkridge, Md.

You are to be commended for the many articles you have been publishing concerning the destruction of our nation's morale by the divorce evil. I refer specifically to your two recent articles, "Mockery of Marriage" by Irmis Johnson, and "Evils of Divorce" by the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing.

They showed how the monster of broken homes is avariciously devouring our children. By printing them, you are defending decency and doing no small job of slaying the dragon.

Raymond M. Kureth

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Society Paradox

THE time to catch disease, say modern doctors, is before it starts—or as soon afterward as possible. Chances for cure in cancer, for example, are eight times greater if the malady is diagnosed and treated before it has spread.

Medical diagnosis has made rapid strides in recent years. Diseases like tuberculosis, syphilis, cancer and many others are now under heavy assault, through streamlined mass examination clinics and newly developed equipment and technique. The problem of maintaining our high national health standards is a challenge which our Public Health Service is meeting successfully.

For the full story, read "Don't Be Afraid of Your Doctor," by Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States, in next week's magazine.

The strange and somehow pitiful story of a girl whose whole life was a paradox of society makes fascinating reading as told by Paul Gallico in next week's American Weekly.

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

• Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
• Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
• Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away quickly and completely!
• Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant and lustrous!
• Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
• Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

"Stars in his eyes!"

☆ It's dreamy—and you in it! So fresh for daytime. So lovely for datetime. Festive striped ruffles on white eyelet batiste top. Wide, waist-littling belt. Shirred, full striped cotton Pico-Pico skirt. Choose from multi-colored stripes in predominating colors of blue or grey or rose. 9-11-13-15-17. Rush coupon. We mail immediately.

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Send "STARS IN HIS EYES" on approval. I'll pay postmen $5.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage.

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So cooling for tired, burning feet

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how medicinal Ice-Mint helps soften up callouses and corns, too. Get foot-happy today, the Ice-Mint way. At drug and department stores.

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MAKE THAT HOUSEHOLD TASK EASIER—

If you have an odd job of fixing to do you will want reprints of many of the most timely how-to articles which have appeared in The American Weekly. Look for the [illegible] how-to [illegible]

Romantic Rascal

OTHERS may regard 13 as their unlucky number, but for years to come 25 will stand out as a numerical nemesis to a jailed Italian Casanova who made a racket of romance.

The man who betrayed the tender passion was tall, dark-haired and handsome. He called himself "Col. Luigi Pecoraro of the Italian Air Force." But his only flying was in fancy; his only bombardments were phony phrases of endearment that he flung at lovelorn victims.

The Phony Colonel's Racket Was Revealed by the 25th Pretty and Prosperous Young Woman He Robbed of Jewels, Furs and Kisses.

The sham Romeo's racket came to light only after 24 trusting Latin maidens had yielded to his wiles and had been robbed of their jewels, furs, money and love on what they thought was the eve of marriage to him. He was exposed because No. 25 had nerve enough to make her humiliation public.

No. 25, a pretty Roman, burst into a police station recently in Rome, minus a coat and jewelry and with her evening gown torn.

"I was the fiancee of Colonel Pecoraro," she exclaimed. "You must arrest him! He invited me to a special party—our last evening out before we were to be married. He told me to wear my finest furs and all my gems.

"HE TOOK me to this room at the rear of a restaurant. He complimented me and ordered much wine. Then he stripped me of my valuables and tried to attack me, but I resisted and he fled."

Police easily located the fake colonel and found some of the girl's jewelry in his possession. He was flabbergasted that she had dared complain—for he had always picked daughters of well-to-do families, girls who had lived sheltered lives and would be most unlikely to bare their disgrace.

He was still more shocked when victim after victim sent in unsigned letters informing against him, and some even discarded anonymity and came in boldly to identify him.

"He asked me to wear my best that evening before our scheduled marriage," the story of most ran. "Then he took me to a deserted spot, made love to me and robbed me. I was too frightened to complain, but now I want him to get the limit."

The ace of amours at first denied all, but when angry fathers also began coming in, he wilted and confessed all, seemingly fearful that some outraged parent might execute vengeance on the spot, despite police present.

His name wasn't Pecoraro, he admitted. He was really Marco Susanich. And he wasn't a flier, just an ex-convict with high-flying ideas.

He'll be an old man before the barred doors open again to give him another chance to try his wings.

ADVERTISEMENT

Make delicious frosty Pop Icicles with your own favorite fruit juice, fun and flavor. Just pour juice of ice cubes. A smart trick that makes delicious Pop Icicles [illegible]. No sugar needed! Attractive handles packed in every design.

Ask your dealer to send for sample.

BOND CORP.
1859 S.W. Park
Portland 1, Ore.

BAD SKIN?

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10 Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCUREX (*mercy-rex*) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercurex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and burns, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Fingernail-stained, stained-up skin can be used in any [illegible]. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercurex Soap, 25¢. Mercurex Shampoo, 50¢. At drugstores.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT • SOAP • SHAMPOO

Flies die!

when they walk on
PESTROY DDT

To kill flies, mosquitoes, brush PESTROY DDT Liquid Coating over screens, around doorways, windows, plumbing. For roaches, other crawling pests, use PESTROY DDT Powder along baseboards, under rugs, in closets upholstery, etc. In Canada, ask for CERTICIDE and PYRAL [illegible]

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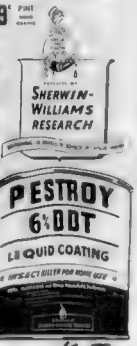

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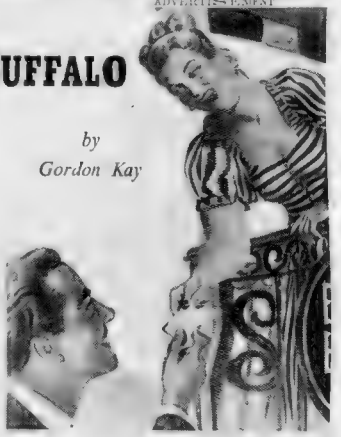
LOVE GOT ON AT BUFFALO

by Gordon Kay



THE MOMENT she sank into the seat beside him in the crowded Club car Jackson's heart skipped a beat.

As the miles flew by, jeweled bits of information fell from her lips . . . she was an artist . . . she had been visiting her father in Buffalo. Yes, she was on her way back to her home in New York.

"One girl in a million," thought Jackson, remembering Manhattan's vastness. He hoped she wasn't married. When she confessed she wasn't, he sighed with relief.

"Not even engaged!" she laughed. "Not even 'going steady' with anyone."

As the train sped Eastward, Jackson found himself completely fascinated. He had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight, but that was exactly what was happening to him! He felt that into his life had surged a new and wonderful force that he must cling to forever.

As he babbled on about himself, she drew back sharply now and then, with an air of annoyance as though she were bored. Perhaps he was too eager or was talking too much. Nevertheless, when he suggested dinner, she accepted and excused herself to freshen up.

"Over two hours with her before we reach New York," he thought happily as the train began to pull into Albany.

But a telegram poured ice-water on that little dream. The message read:

"Peterson flying Rio tomorrow. Stop off Albany today and contact him."

Stewart.

He silently cursed his luck. There was no way out. Peterson was too important. Crumpling the telegram in his hand, he scrambled for his things. There were only seconds to act.

Suddenly it flashed on him that he had learned neither the name nor address of this lovely girl who had swept him off his feet. Desperately he hurried through the aisles looking for her . . . in vain.

At last, as he raced along the platform, he had a glimpse of her thru the window, headed for the observation car. And there he caught up with her.

"Darling!" he blurted . . . then checked himself. "Your name! Your address! Your telephone number! You can't go out of my life like this!"

As the train started to move, she hastily plucked a card from her handbag, scribbled upon it, and, smiling quizzically, handed it to him. His eyes followed her figure in the twilight as long as they could, then looked down at the card. It read:

Mary Jones
New York City

* * *

Jackson never knew why she banished him so adroitly—and so completely—from her life. One could scarcely blame her. After all, there are few things more offensive than halitosis (unpleasant breath). Regardless of your other good points, it can stamp you as a person to be avoided.

Isn't it foolish to run such risks when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution? Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath much fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never, omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Imagine! All the HOLLYWOOD STYLE BRACELETS you want only 15¢ each

JOAN CAULFIELD
Co-starring in
"WELCOME STRANGER"
A Paramount Picture

Never before, to the best of our knowledge, have you been able to get lovely costume jewelry *for only 15c.* It's like a dream come true for you. Daring—Modern—All-Plastic HOLLYWOOD Style BRACELETS for *every* outfit. You can have a *dozen* bracelets—*in colors of your own choosing*—for less than the price you would expect to pay for *one piece* of costume jewelry! *But you'll have to act fast.* Listen! Before making this offer, we asked women what they thought these bracelets were worth. They said: *"I think at least 50c." "I'd say $1.00."* Some women guessed still more.

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PLANTERS COCKTAIL SALTED PEANUTS . . . vacuum-packed! fresh! Big, plump peanuts . . . roasted and salted just *right!* For parties, luncheons, dinners, between-meal-snacks.

HOW TO GET THEM

1 Select the styles and colors you want.
2 *PRINT* your name and address.
3 For *each* bracelet, send 15c together with *two* empty PLANTERS PEANUTS bags or with *one* unwinding band from a can of PLANTERS COCKTAIL SALTED PEANUTS, or with *one* label from a jar of PLANTERS PEANUT BUTTER, to "BRACELETS," PLANTERS PEANUTS, Dept. 10, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Your bracelets will be mailed promptly—postpaid! Remember, this offer may never be repeated. Act *today!*

MR. PEANUT
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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STYLE "C" and "D": Available in any of the following *solid* colors or two tone combinations of any of these colors—red, white, royal blue, light blue, black, green, pink, yellow.

STYLE "E" and "F": Expanding . . . fits any wrist . . . available in any one of the following solid colors—red, white, royal blue, light blue, black, green, pink, yellow.

"BRACELETS," PLANTERS PEANUTS, Dept. 10, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania
Please send me . . .
_____ Style A in (state color or colors) _____
_____ Style B in (state color or colors) _____
_____ Style C in (state color or colors) _____
_____ Style D in (state color or colors) _____
_____ Style E in (state color or colors) _____
_____ Style F in (state color or colors) _____

For each BRACELET, I enclose fifteen cents (15c) and two empty PLANTERS PEANUTS bags—or 15c and the band that unwinds with the key from one PLANTERS COCKTAIL SALTED PEANUTS can—or 15c and one label from a jar of PLANTERS PEANUT BUTTER.

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Buy from your hardware or department store, or send cash, check or money order to factory for as many as you need. Please specify color—red, yellow, green or white. Address Dept. AW.
MAKERS OF Dog-Klip LAWN TOOLS

EGGS-TRA GOOD!
EGG SPAM WICH
Slice hard-cooked eggs with Spam—a touch of mayonnaise or ketchup, dills on the side. Too good to last!
HORMEL
SPAM
"SPAM" IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Household Almanac — Amy Alden

A Good Breakfast For You

Make the most of your breakfast preparations the night before. You will find it is less work and more fun if friends drop in or if it is just for the family.

A Springtime Breakfast

Orange Juice or
Sliced Bananas
Hot Cereal With Raisins
Brown Sugar
Baked Eggs in Cheese Sauce
Hot Toast With
Assorted Spreads:
Peanut Butter, Apple Butter
Orange Marmalade
Coffee Milk

Baked Eggs in Cheese Sauce

3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
3 tbsps. flour
Speck pepper
1 tsp. prepared mustard
¾ tsp. salt
1½ cups milk
½ to 1 cup grated cheese
6 eggs

Melt butter in double boiler; stir in flour, pepper, mustard and salt. Stir in milk gradually, and cook over boiling water until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Add cheese, and stir until melted. Cover bottom of a 10" x 6" x 2" baking dish with half the sauce. Carefully break the eggs into sauce, arranging them side by side; cover with remaining sauce. Bake in moderate oven of 325° F. for 20 to 25 min., depending on how well done you like eggs. Serves 4 to 6.

Brunch After Church

Peaches or
Grapefruit Juice
Choice of Ready-to-Eat Cereal
Filled Corned Beef Patties
Poached Eggs on Toast
Bran Muffins
Strawberry Jam
Chocolate Flavored Milk Drink
Coffee

Filled Corned Beef Patties

1 16-oz. can corned beef hash
3 tbsps. fat or salad oil
4 tsps. pickle relish

Chill the corned beef hash over night. At brunchtime, carefully cut it into 8 slices. Spread about 2 tsps. pickle relish on half the slices. Top these with remaining slices, lightly pressing them together. Saute in the hot fat until golden brown on one side. Carefully turn with broad spatula, and brown other side. Serve alone or with poached eggs on toast. Serves 4.

Note: If you do not have pickle relish on hand, try using chili sauce or a little sauteed minced onion as the filling for the corned beef patties.

Bran Muffins

½ cup honey
1 cup flour
½ tsp. soda
½ tsp. salt
2 cups bran
1 tbsp. butter or margarine, melted
1½ cups milk
¾ cup walnuts, finely cut

Sift together flour, soda and salt and mix with the bran; add other ingredients. Mix. Place in greased muffin tins and bake in oven 375° F. for 25 to 30 min. Makes 16 large muffins.

Brunch With Bacon and Eggs

Grapefruit Segments
in Grape Juice
Choice of Cooked Cereal
New Zealand Style Eggs
Crisp Bacon
Popovers
Peach Jam
Coffee Milk

New Zealand Style Eggs

1 cup cold, diced, cooked potatoes
¼ cup minced onion
4 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
5 eggs, beaten
⅓ cup top milk
¾ tsp. salt
Pepper
2 tbsps. minced parsley
4 medium tomatoes, quartered
½ tsp. granulated sugar

Saute potatoes and onion in 3 tbsps. butter until golden brown. Combine eggs, milk, ¾ tsp. salt, speck pepper, parsley. Pour over potatoes. Cook over medium heat, scraping egg mixture gently from bottom as it cooks, until scrambled. Meanwhile, sprinkle tomatoes with 1 tsp. salt, speck pepper, and sugar; then saute in tbsp. butter until tender but firm—5 min. Do not let them go into pieces. Place egg and potato mixture in center of hot platter. Garnish with tomatoes. Serves 4.

START your day with a good breakfast. It will help offset the daily wear and tear on nerve tissue, and aid in maintaining health and energy. Here are ideas for family breakfasts, and the Sunday Morning Brunch.

Above, Poached Eggs on Toast. See Menu for Brunch After Church on This Page.

Popovers

2 eggs, beaten
1 cup flour, sifted
1 cup milk
¼ tsp. salt

Put flour into bowl, add all ingredients; stir for 1 min. Fill hot greased muffin tins two-thirds full of mixture. Bake in hot oven 450° F. for 20 min., then in 300° F. oven for 20 to 25 min. Makes 12.

A Sunday Buffet Brunch

Choice of
Bananas With Orange Juice
or Canned Cling Peaches
Ready-to-Serve Cereals
With Maple Sugar
Scrambled Eggs
With Bacon, Icebox Rolls
Coffee or Milk

Scrambled Eggs With Bacon and Rolls

6 long rolls
2 tbsps. melted fat
6 slices bacon
6 tbsps. orange marmalade
3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
9 eggs
¾ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¾ cup milk or thin cream

Slit rolls lengthwise, almost through; brush inside and out with melted fat. Place in moderate oven of 350° F. for 10 min. Meanwhile, saute bacon until crisp. Remove rolls from oven; spread inside of each with marmalade; then in each place a bacon slice, on its edge. Keep warm in oven while scrambling eggs. Melt butter in double boiler. Beat eggs slightly; add salt, pepper and milk; beat thoroughly. Pour into double boiler, and cook until thick and creamy, scraping eggs from bottom of pan as they set. (If you prefer to use a skillet, have heat low.) Serve from a heated platter. Serves 6.

Note: If you prefer, thin slices of canned spiced luncheon meat, sauteed on both sides in salad oil, are equally good with the icebox rolls. You may add ½ cup grated cheese and 2 tsps. minced parsley or minced onion to the scrambled egg mixture before cooking.

Icebox Rolls

2 cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
¼ cup lukewarm water
1 tbsp. salt
2 eggs
8 cups flour
2 cakes yeast
2 tbsps. shortening
1 tsp. sugar

Mix boiling water and ½ cup sugar, salt and shortening. Let cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water, add 1 tsp. sugar and stir into first mixture. Add well-beaten eggs. Stir in 4 cups flour, beat thoroughly. Stir in 4 more cups flour and mix well, but do not knead. Cover and put in icebox to rise. Shape into rolls as needed. Put into pans to rise to double in bulk about 1¼ hours before baking. Bake in hot oven 425° F., 15 to 20 min. Shape these rolls long and slim to fit bacon slices for recipe above.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 332, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

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☐ (61) Famous Recipes
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☐ (68) Eggs for Every Meal
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☐ (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
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☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
☐ (79) New Cakes
☐ (80) Desserts and Sweets
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☐ (82) Pies and Pastries
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☐ (84) Meat for Family Meals
☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
☐ (92) New Cookies

"Where do men get their ideas about women?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"WHERE do we get them?" chuckled Elmer, the bull. "From watching women—that's where!"

"Then," smiled Elsie, "somebody's eyesight must be failing—and I do mean *yours*. Else you'd never buy a fancy housecoat like that for a busy little homebody like me."

"*Busy little homebody*—that's a good one!" guffawed Elmer. "Women have more time than anybody. They have all day long to loll around while the old man's slaving and sweating."

"Loll," smiled Elsie, "is a new word for running a house, bringing up children, and cooking meals. Why, dear, some women are so terribly rushed, I don't know *what* they'd do if

they didn't make it a special point to get their delicious afternoon *Hemo* pick-me-up!"

"W-w-what kind of talk is *pick-me-up?*" sputtered Elmer. "Talk American, so little Beulah can understand you!"

"Oh, Beulah understands," brightly answered Elsie. "She knows that Hemo is just teeming with vitamins and minerals that help pick you up, help make you act and feel 'alive.' And *everybody* knows that Hemo has a glorious chocolaty flavor that you want to linger and linger over."

"You can linger," snapped Elmer. "I'm going to the club—where I can hear some he-man talk, and where folks appreciate it if you buy them a present."

"No matter where you go," chirped Elsie, "you're bound to hear about Hemo—it now comes in powder *and* liquid forms. But, then I suppose a group of men *would* be more likely to talk about *Borden's Fine Cheeses.*"

"Men don't talk about cheese," said Elmer, "they *eat* it—plenty of it!"

"And it's so good for them," enthused Elsie. "Take Borden's Chateau. There's a really great cheese food, with a wonderful, delicious, mellow-mild Cheddar flavor. It spreads, it slices, or it melts like a dream. Borden's Chateau is really the cheese food of a hundred different uses, you know, dear."

"HELP!" bellowed Elmer. "These poor ears can't take a hundred Borden raves!"

"Then," said Elsie, "I'll give you just a few. Chateau makes the heavenliest soufflés, rabbits, omelets, cheese sauce—"

"STOP!" ordered Elmer. "I tell you, woman, I've had enough."

"Nobody *ever* has enough of anything that's good," giggled Elsie. "And you know—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

-if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

© The Borden Company

The Epicure

MOLASSES CRUMB PIE

By JUDY CANOVA

I'M not bragging a bit when I say I have the best recipe in Hollywood for an unusual coffee cake. In fact, just ask any of my friends who have sampled my special Molasses Crumb Pie—the way I make it, that is! Three-year-old Julietta and my husband have formed a "Molasses-crumb-pie-once-a-week-or-else" club, and if you've ever had a three-year-old scowling at you, not to mention a scowling husband, you know 'tis better to heed the warning—and go Pennsylvania Dutch for breakfast. I tried for years to vary my breakfast cake—bought every kind on the market, made every possible concoction I could get my hands on—and still they tasted like the usual. Then finally the recipe for Molasses Crumb Pie found its way into my hands (it was sent me by a Pennsylvania Dutch fan), and now I'd like to pass it on to you.

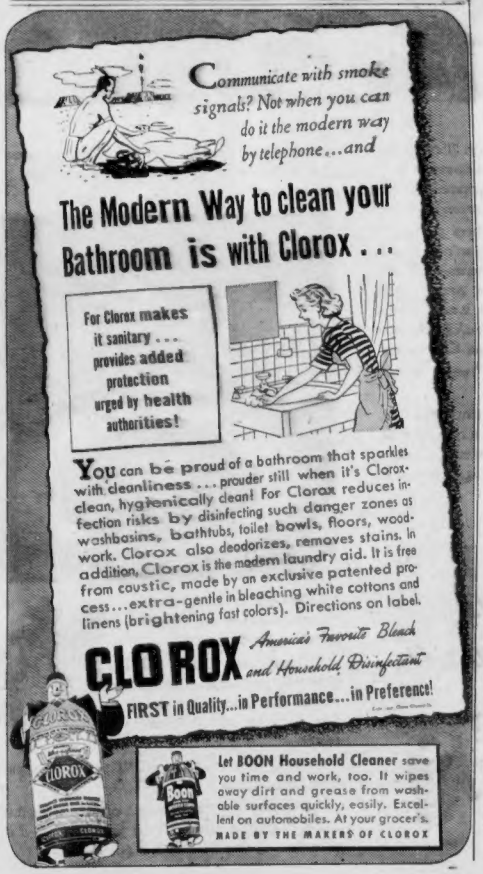
Judy Canova, Delightful Radio and Screen Comedienne, Likes to Finish Up a Hard Day at the Studio by Cooking Dinner for Her Husband and Three-Year-Old Daughter.

Here goes for happier breakfasts with Molasses Crumb Pie. Dissolve three-quarters teaspoon soda in one cup of hot water and stir one-half of the solution into one cup of molasses. Add the remainder of the water and soda to the molasses and continue stirring until foamy.

Crumb Mixture

Mix three cups flour, one cup sugar (white or brown), one teaspoon baking powder with three-quarters cup of butter and lard. Rub this mixture between the fingers to make the crumbs, and keep in a separate bowl. Line three pie plates with pastry and pour in half of the molasses mixture. Add a layer of crumbs. Then pour in the remainder of the mixture and add more of the crumbs. Sprinkle the rest of the crumbs on top of the pies and bake in a hot oven of 375-400 degrees F. This makes three pies—which may seem like two too many, but once you taste them, you'll wish for three more of the same.

Molasses Crumb Pie can double for dessert, too. All "dunkards" will rejoice, for nothing holds the coffee as well as Molasses Crumb Pie.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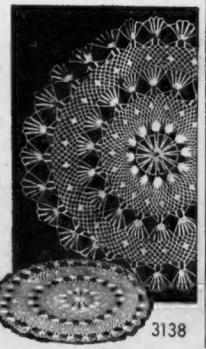

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You can have monthly sanitary protection without belts, pins, pads. Better look into this . . .

You may be surprised to learn that millions of other women are not using external pads any more. They have turned to the Tampax method of monthly sanitary protection—and modern Tampax is worn internally. It is entirely self-sufficient, needing no belt or other support....Just think of the difference at that time of month. No chafing from Tampax. No uncomfortable bulging or embarrassing edge-lines. *No odor*.... Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of extremely absorbent cotton compressed in applicators for easy insertion. In place, Tampax is unseen and unfelt. Quick to change and no trouble to dispose of....This is the month to start using Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Month's supply fits in purse. Economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Back to Braids

By Sally Young

IF you're not satisfied with your hair as is, add braids. Artificial braids are versatile. You can adapt them to your way of life, your hat, the time of day, the nature, length and thickness of your hair—possible combinations are numerous.

How good is artificial hair today? That's up to you as a buyer. Be sure to have color and texture matched exactly. A master blender can match it expertly, if he has a sample strand before him. Drab blond is hardest to match.

White hair is rarest and most expensive, because such hair is usually too fine to be used in artificial hair pieces.

Most switches have specially designed devices that pin them on to stay forever. As for style, look here:

1. Side buns require two braids and are good-looking for daytime wear, sports or informal evenings at home. Good, too, for the face a little on the thin side.

2. The classical halo braid is good almost any time. Longish faces, please note.

3. Simple but effective, the chignon braid can lend distinction to very plain and otherwise unattractive hair. As shown here, it makes an ideal career-girl special.

4. Glamour and sophistication may be achieved with a braided top-knot. Add to height with added hair, and be an eye-catcher wherever you're seen.

How to Care for Them

YOUR braids need cleaning as often as your hair needs shampooing. And if hair is light, more often than when dark. At any rate, don't treat the braids like a hat which may not get cleaned for seasons on end.

Artificial hair should be dry-cleaned with a reputable dry-cleaning fluid, we are told by a well-known manufacturer of hair-pieces. The braid should be opened, combed and then dipped into the solution. Dry-cleaning revives lustre. Tints should not be used.

Daily combing takes care of surface dust.

With proper care you should get good wear from artificial hair, though the actual life of a braid depends on the owner and how often it is worn.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Don't forget Dad's Day next Sunday and see next week's column for last minute Father's Day suggestions to please your favorite breadwinner.

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BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet

BEWARE!
—of shampoos that dry out hair!

If you're heartsick trying to make your hair look like something . . . cheer up! Today there's a shampoo made with three selected oils. It's wonderful for hair that has been made almost hopeless by drying shampoo.

Principal Ingredient Olive Oil

The big feature is that the active cleansing ingredient of this effective shampoo is made from olive oil (its principal ingredient), plus castor and coconut oils. Doesn't leave your hair dry and "fly-away frizzy." You get a radiant, lustrous cleansing. But you don't impair natural scalp oils so necessary to the hair. You get the added benefits of castor and coconut oils . . . for quick lathering and cleansing . . . and a quick filmless rinse for hair lustre.

**Waves Set Deeper
Permanents Last Longer**

So true is this that every bottle is sold with a money-back guarantee. Ask for Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo. On sale at all toiletry counters. Laco Products Inc., Balto. 24, Md.

Laco GENUINE CASTILE Shampoo
for Glamorous, Manageable Hair!

MUSHROOMS on Toast
Serve for Luncheon or Midnight Snack!

★ RECIPE ★

2 tbs. butter
4 oz. can button mushrooms
¼ tsp. salt
2 tsps. flour
2 slices enriched toast

Melt butter. Drain mushrooms; save liquid. Sauté mushrooms in butter 5 minutes. Combine salt, flour and liquid. Add to mushrooms and cook until thickened. Serve on toast. Serves two.

FREE . . . exciting collection of superb recipes . . . simple dishes made festive with the flavor magic of mushrooms! Write: Dept. A-1, Cultivated Mushroom Institute, 521 5th Ave., N. Y. 17.

MUSHROOMS The little vegetable with the BIG flavor!

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"You never tasted a better cake —or saw a sulkier cook!"

"My beee-u-tiful, sparkling white coconut cake tasted every bit as good as it looked! It was *so* light and tender—and *yummy* rich! All because I made a simple—but *huge*—discovery.

"It was simple; I just used Crisco and a new Crisco Success Cake recipe. Why, the combination's positively magic. You get better cakes on *every* count—richer, lighter, tenderer, moister. Crisco, you see, gives you cakes such as no other type of shortening can, because Crisco has a *baking secret*. And the new Crisco Success Cake recipes were worked out to take special advantage of that secret.

"Quick as a wink, too. It takes only 4½ minutes to mix a cake with a new Success Cake recipe. And *what* a cake! Better than any you ever made the old-fashioned way. Of course, pure, all-vegetable Crisco is ideal cake shortening with any recipe, but wait'll you try Crisco plus the Success Cake method!

"Do you wonder I sulked? Here I've had Crisco in the kitchen all along. I've *always* depended on it for frying. 9 out of 10 doctors, you know, say Crisco's digestible. And yet I'd never even tried it for a cake before. Gee, am I glad I've learned at last to depend on Crisco for *everything*—cakes, pies and fried foods—Crisco improves all 3."

Coconut Layer Cake

Delectable and a cinch to make with Crisco's quick new Success Cake recipe. But we can't promise success unless you use pure, all-vegetable Crisco —the shortening with the *baking secret*.

You'll get better cakes on every count—lighter, richer, moister, finer-textured—with Crisco and new Crisco recipes like this. Measure ingredients exactly—follow the simple directions carefully—be sure to use Crisco.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE

Measure into mixing bowl (*All Measurements Level*):

2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)
1½ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt • ⅔ cup milk

Blend vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself):

3 tsps. baking powder*

Now add: **4 egg yolks (unbeaten)****
½ cup milk • ½ tsp. lemon extract

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. Pour into two 9" layer pans (9" by 1½" deep) which have been rubbed with Crisco and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25-30 minutes. Frost with your favorite white icing. Sprinkle top and sides of cake with shredded coconut.

**Double-action or phosphate type baking powder (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, KC, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4 tsps.*

***May use 2 whole eggs and 2 yolks, reserving whites for icing.*

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ONLY $219.95 F.O.B. DULUTH

A BIG Electric REFRIGERATOR FOR Crowded Kitchens

7¾ CU. FT. CAPACITY

Here's the answer for small kitchens—a BIG refrigerator especially designed to take less kitchen space yet give more storage space. *Including* a 25-lb. Built-in Frozen Food Locker!

SEE YOUR DEALER-OR WRITE!

Coolerator

Flavor Saver REFRIGERATORS and FREEZERS

The Coolerator Company, Dept. AW-67, Duluth 1, Minn.

Flies, gnats, moths, and many other smart-aleck bugs and insects never say "Pooh" to FLIT—they haven't got time! FLIT kills them—but *fast*. Use FLIT on 'em and down they come. Kills many crawling bugs, too. FLIT won't stain when used as directed. Get FLIT today and keep it handy.

FLIT

IMPROVED WITH DDT

KILLS mosquitoes, flies, roaches

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REPAIR SUMMER FURNITURE with Plastic Wood

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty . . . and hardens into wood.

IN CANS OR TUBES

WEATHER RESISTANT PLASTIC WOOD

CELLULOSE WOOD FILLER

GIRLS! FOR GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL HAIR JUST DO THIS···

First massage scalp with Cuticura Ointment to loosen dandruff, stimulate circulation. Later shampoo, with Cuticura Soap. For FREE Ointment sample . . . write to Cuticura, Dept. A-173, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Menus for Family Breakfasts and Sunday Morning Brunch Appear on the Household Almanac Page.

Streamlined Summer

By Doris Denison

EVERY woman would like to look forward to a refreshing, unflurried summer. One way you can streamline these 'warm' months is to streamline your home and household tasks.

Clear the Decks

PUT away everything that gives a heavy, warm look to your rooms. This means that large rugs can be replaced with light scatter rugs, and heavy draperies can be cleaned and stored

and crisp washable curtains hung in their place.

To further encourage this uncluttered, airy way of life, pack away extra ornaments and bric-a-brac. This will save dusting, too.

Time Savers

SHORT cuts are permissible when the mercury soars. Lighten your laundry basket by using paper napkins and paper towels whenever possible, and substitute place mats for tablecloths.

These can be obtained in a variety of colored plastics which are quickly wiped off and are not easily stained. Use them to keep your table from being marred.

If you do use a tablecloth, lengthen the time between launderings by covering it with a clear plastic cover. The design and color of your cloth will show through.

Elaborate dinners are out—even for company. Concentrate on tasty, well-seasoned dishes that are easy to make, and can be used for more than one meal.

Blankets and Sweaters

WHISK out of sight all reminders of wool and warmth. Blankets and sweaters can be stored in cedar chests, roll-away blanket chests, paper containers or trunks. The most important thing is to see that all articles are spotlessly clean. Then treat them with the moth preventive you prefer and store in an airtight container.

Slipcovers

STRIPED, flowered, or plain slipcovers transform upholstered pieces for summer use. Make your own, have them tailored to measure, or buy them ready made. Don't forget that straight chairs are often improved with tie-on cushions and slipover back covers.

Pull all furniture away from walls and corners to make cleaning easier and to improve the circulation of air. This works especially well in the bedroom—place your bed away from the wall for better air and easy bedmaking.

Freshen Old Curtains

CAREFUL laundering will make last year's summer curtains look new. Suds them gently, rinse thoroughly, and then starch them. Be sure to dip all the curtains from one room into the same batch of starch to insure even stiffness. If you add a specially prepared wax-like product to the starch to keep the iron from sticking and pulling, you can iron even old fabric without danger of further tearing.

Don't mend the curtains until you have hung them back in place. With a little sleight of hand you can arrange the folds so that most of the worn places will not show.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

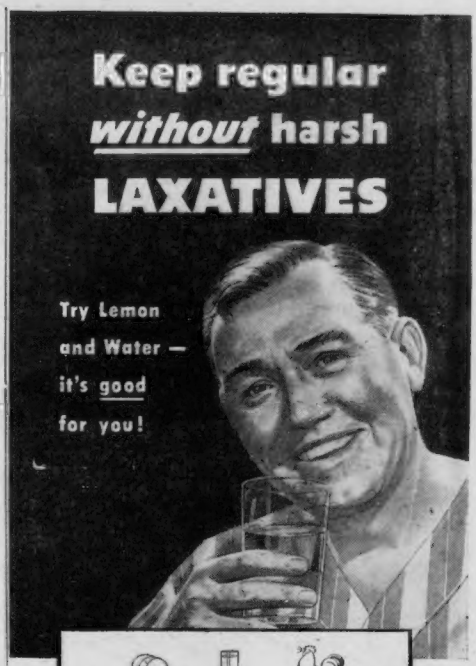
SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

Keep regular *without* harsh LAXATIVES



JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON — IN A GLASS OF WATER — FIRST THING ON ARISING

Lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

This natural fruit drink—simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

Millions Take Lemons for Health. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which helps to restore energy and to resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show 12,000,000 Americans now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing: clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it 10 days and see if you don't benefit.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising

STUFFY NOSTRILS?

that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty"

the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

Quick MENTHOLATUM

ALSO RELIEVES CHAPPING, NASAL IRRITATION, AND CHEST-COLD TIGHTNESS

● When clogged up nostrils have you gasping for air, and your nose is red and sore, reach for Mentholatum and B-R-E-A-T-H-E! Mentholatum contains comforting Camphor and minty Menthol, two famous, fast-acting ingredients that help thin out thick mucus, reduce swelling, soothe irritated membranes. Soon soreness eases up, head starts to clear. Don't take head cold misery lying down—keep Mentholatum handy.